THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1939 NUMBER 1300

Mr. Browder's Passport

Earl Browder, leader of the American Communist Party, has been arrested on the charge of giving false information in applying for a passport, a serious offense under federal law. It is alleged that he traveled abroad under passports bearing false names several years ago —long enough for the offense to be outlawed—and that in applying for new passports under his right name he failed to reveal this fact. Appearing as witness before the Dies Committee on September 5 of this year, Mr. Browder admitted there had been irregularities in his passports. Undoubtedly many Communists have used false identification documents. One reason is that in numerous cases they traveled through countries where the use of their own names would have meant imprisonment and perhaps execution; this was undoubtedly true of Earl Browder when he went to China.

It is obvious that if a crime has been committed, punishment is in order, although the crime seems to be more technical than a real injury to the government. At the same time, it is important that in conducting the case the government should leave no room for suggestion of political persecution. Browder is the leader of a legal political party. If the government intends to prosecute everyone guilty of falsifying his passport application (the number may run into thousands) well and good; but to prosecute Browder alone, and to punish him for his politics instead of for his illegal action, would make his prosecution a political trial of a sort that is utterly foreign to the spirit of our institutions.

Giving Our Ships to Hitler

Congress is ultimately responsible for any trouble arising out of the capture of the "City of Flint." A ship of American registry, owned by the United States government, she is reported to have been seized by the German navy while carrying contraband to British ports, and to have been taken by a prize crew under the Nazi flag to Soviet waters. If Congress had previously enacted the cash-and-carry part of the neutrality law, there would have been no American ships in war zones. And the responsibility of Congress rests chiefly on the administration forces, who voted down the proposal of the isolationist Senators to pass the non-controversial sections of the bill before proceeding with the debate on the arms embargo. By blocking this action, they removed from their opponents any onus for the delay, which, as The New Republic has often pointed out, might lead to embarrassing incidents. The facts of the case and the legality of the German action have still to be determined. But in the meantime we are lucky that no American ship has been sunk, with possible loss of life.

Goebbels Confesses

The Nazis have confessed to sinking the "Athenia." At least that is the only construction we can place on the fact that Propaganda Minister Goebbels made a speech accusing Winston Churchill of the crime. If there is one man in the world who, most Americans would be sure, was lying in every word unless the contrary were conclusively proved, it is Herr Goebbels. We are highly sensitized these days to propaganda,

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1939, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

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and our reaction to it, whenever it is even suspected, is firmly negative. We have seen on many occasions that the favorite device of the Nazis' propaganda is to accuse innocent persons in order to exculpate themselves. They even came to power with such a trick—the Reichstag fire. Accusing Mr. Churchill of hiding an explosive in the refugee ship is just the kind of fantastic and outrageous charge that they prefer. Now that we have learned to decode Nazi propaganda, Goebbels might just as well have walked into court and, with his hand on the Bible, pleaded guilty of the torpedoing.

The Polish Elections

There is real significance in the elections that have recently taken place in the Soviet-held provinces of Poland—though the American press does not seem to recognize it. Formerly the people of these areas were largely deprived of the vote. The last parliament of Poland was composed exclusively of members of the governing party, dominated by pro-Nazi politicians such as Beck and Moscicki. Political demonstrations were customarily dispersed with machine guns. Now the elections are taking place under the Soviet system of a universal franchise, with no requirement of party membership for candidates. The scanty available dispatches indicate that the Russians have been urging the Poles to vote for individuals they know and trust. Whatever may be said of the Soviet system, an election such as this is clearly a first step in self-government and political education for these areas and it will help to create a popular demand for good government. Cynics will answer that the Soviets are powerful enough to allow a little window-dressing. But the Nazis don't even hold elections in the Polish provinces they occupy.

Whom Was Mr. Grew Warning?

The whole Far East was thrown into a tumult by the speech of Ambassador Grew in Tokyo on October 20. The Ambassador, who has served seven years in Japan and recently returned to his post after a visit to Washington which included a talk with President Roosevelt, is a seasoned diplomat, the last man in the world to commit a piece of gaucherie. He sharply criticized Japan's invasions of American rights in China, said they were deeply resented in the United States and added that many of them were totally unnecessary from any point of view. The Japanese have been telling each other that Americans are the victims of clever Chinese propaganda, but Mr. Grew assured them that this is false; the Americans are very well served with news and are capable of a considered judgment.

Naturally, the diplomats are trying to puzzle out the meaning of a speech which set Japan back on her heels. The best interpretation seems to us that it served notice on Japan of our intentions. Britain and France may be planning to let China down, to abandon under the pressure of war necessity many of their interests in the Far East; but the United States sticks to its position and still hopes that treaties will be respected. If the stories are true that Great Britain is flirting with the idea of a new understanding with Japan, Mr. Grew's speech may have been a blunt warning to London. Alternatively, and we think less probably, the speech may have been part of a joint Anglo-American policy like so many other recent moves in the Far East. The United States, under this interpretation, would take over the burden of maintaining the white man's prestige in the Orient at a time when the British are in no position to do so there or anywhere else.

Japan Is in Trouble

For several weeks, people have been guessing that Soviet Russia had suddenly increased her aid to China in the present war with Japan. These surmises are now confirmed. Chinese officials say that substantial quantities of Russian airplanes, tanks and anti-aircraft guns have been supplied in the recent past. They account for the successful Chinese air raids on Japanese military airdromes and perhaps for the severe military setbacks Japan has recently encountered in the field. As many as 500 Russian technicians are said to be aiding the Chinese. Evidently the truce that Soviet Russia signed with Japan was a truce only, and referred strictly to the fighting in Mongolia. The new situation is one which Japan may find very embarrassing. She can't win the war, which costs her more every day, and her resources are steadily shrinking. A possible result of Japan's dilemma may be the dropping of her puppet Chinese government, which has proved a failure even before it has assumed office. It is not impossible that the war in China may eventually stop without any formal treaty—simply because the Japanese will get tired and quit fighting.

Aerial Mines

American newspapers not long ago reported that London is now being defended against airplanes by a novel means. Small hydrogen balloons are sent up, from each of which is suspended a long, fine wire. At the end of the wire dangles a bomb containing a few ounces of high explosive. If an airplane strikes any part of the wire, its speed draws up the bomb against the undercarriage and causes an explosion which either stuns the pilot, cripples the plane, or both.

Such an invention exists, but the newspapers were wrong in saying that it is in operation. The inventor, Major H. J. Muir, tells in The New Statesman and Nation how he has struggled for years to persuade the British government to adopt his plan. He admits it would take a good many aerial mines sent up simultaneously to constitute a real defense, but points out that each mine costs only about a dollar, that a few

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men can launch a large number quickly, and that even if there were gaps between them, the knowledge that there were some in the air would have a bad effect on the morale of enemy fliers. We do not know how valuable Major Muir's invention would be; but we are not much impressed by the fact that the British War Department has turned it down. The Department has an almost unbroken record of rejecting every important new military device until pressure from civilians forces it to change its mind.

Thirty Cents an Hour

As the second year of the labor-standards law begins, one way to speak of it is to say that it enforces a boost in the standard of living for millions of employees. This makes it sound like something radical and perhaps even impractical or revolutionary. But the other way to state it is that henceforth no industrial employee whose product is sold in interstate commerce shall receive less than $12.60 for a forty-two-hour week. That there are nearly 700,000 workers who will be benefited by the change is a commentary on the "American standard of living." About 2,400,000 will have their working week reduced from forty-four to forty-two hours, with added pay for overtime.

This modest beginning sets a very low floor indeed under wages—practically a sub-basement. The law flexibly allows higher minima for specific industries after study and negotiations, but so far only one group in the country—textiles—has set minimum industry standards, and this determination is under court attack from reactionary employers. Some day social historians will look back with amazement at this fumbling start in the establishment of decent minima by the richest nation in the world.

Bad Chrysler Engineering

Is the Auto Workers' Union trying to Sovietize industry, as the Chrysler company at first charged, by insisting on having a share in the fixing of production standards on the assembly line? On the contrary, this practice has long been recommended by experts in scientific management and is in successful operation in some of the most efficient industrial concerns in the country. Nothing can be gained by autocratic speed-up methods on the basis of secret decisions; the workers, whether organized or unorganized, inevitably become suspicious and resentful, and can negate any advantage to the employer by the slowdown and the reduction of quality. A dispute of this very nature lies behind the present stoppage. The workers say they couldn't keep the pace, that the resulting discharges were unjust and that what has happened is not a strike but a lockout. The company says the slowdown was deliberate and amounted to a strike. If the company is right, that is all the more an indictment of its management. Coöperative fixing of production standards on the basis of scientific study is a safeguard for both sides. It protects the employer against slacking and discontent. It protects the workers against unjust discharge. Chrysler ought to thank its lucky stars that it is dealing with a union progressive enough to suggest such a technique, instead of one that imposes a make-work policy.

Mr. Cortesi at the Wrong Address

Arnaldo Cortesi was for many years the Rome correspondent of The New York Times. Then a few months ago, the Italian government ordered all Fascists to stop acting as correspondents for foreign newspapers and Cortesi had to choose among his country, his fascism and his job. He chose to leave Italy, and The New York Times sent him to Mexico, from which another of its men had just been expelled. The Times's loyalty to a staff member of many years' service is easy to understand and on the whole laudable. At the same time, Mexico seems about the worst place on earth to send a man whose strong sympathy with fascism has been known for a long time. The Council for Pan American Democracy has circulated a letter, signed by a number of well known Americans, charging that in several instances Mr. Cortesi's fascist sympathies have led him into erroneous reporting. Whether these charges are true or false, it would seem that a newspaper like The New York Times, published in a democracy, should be doubly careful that its representative in a neighboring country which is under such a strong threat of fascist revolution understands and sympathizes with democratic principles and practices.

Schools the Fascist Way

The New York State Chamber of Commerce, at its first fall meeting, October 5, deferred action on the report of its special committee on economical and efficient education. That may mean that the special committee is reconsidering its report—and we certainly hope this is the case. For the report is about as bad a statement of the aims and methods of education in a democracy as we have ever seen seriously advanced. As the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom—headed by Professor Franz Boas—was quick in pointing out, it advances a fascist conception of the state and of culture and argues against equality of educational opportunity. It says that "the great purpose for which schools were founded" is "to preserve and strengthen the State," and that this cannot be achieved by culture, since "a review of history indicates that as culture rises, morals and physical well-being go down and often the destruction or disintegration of the State has followed." Beyond the point of illiteracy, "youngsters will do better if they have to put up a real fight to go on," and "it is a fair question whether the State should bear all the expense or whether parents who are amply able to educate their own youngsters should pay for it."

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News Notes of a Week

The Nazis announced that the final instalment of the billion-mark fine assessed against the Jews after the assassination of Ernst vom Rath will fall due November 10. Since the three previous collections have not come up to expectations, this one has been increased to 25 percent of all Jewish property. . . . A German corridor is being formed between Bohemia and Moravia, by moving out the Czech farmers and moving in German settlers. . . . Lithuanian diplomatic circles said they expected the Reich to return Memel to Lithuania soon. The Germans have been dismantling the fortifications that they hurriedly constructed last spring after forcing Lithuania to give them the port. . . . Bulgaria's three-day Cabinet crisis ended, when George Kiosseivanoff formed his eighth successive Cabinet. No important change of policy is expected.

The Joads got it in the neck again. Ax-handle brigades broke up a mass meeting of agricultural strikers in Madera, California, and state highway patrolmen fired tear gas into the crowd. Nearly all the union organizers were jailed, an investigator for the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee was hurt, an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union was "escorted" out of the county and it was expected the strikers would be evicted from their cabins shortly. . . . The White Motor Company speeded up production on an order of about 2,000 trucks for France. The French ambassador, Count René de Saint Quentin, said France had placed orders for considerable stocks of blankets, shoes and similar supplies. . . . The United States Treasury announced that this country now holds more than two-thirds of the world's gold—over $17,000,000,000. We're so rich, Congress thinks we don't need WPA.

The Turkish Treaty

EVER SINCE the conquest of Poland it has been apparent that the war was being fought mainly in the diplomatic conference room rather than in the field. It was a contest for new allies, for aid in application of the British blockade or resistance to it, for changes in the military and naval balance of power that would determine the action of still other neutrals. The main battlefield of this war has recently been Turkey. The battle has now, apparently, had an outcome in the breakdown of the Soviet-Turkish negotiations and the signature of the alliance between Turkey on the one hand and Britain and France on the other. Who won this battle, and why?

On first sight, it would seem that the treaty is a smashing victory for Britain and France. They regard it as one. Germany is certainly much annoyed with it and is casting about to discover means of punishing Turkey. The Soviet government has issued a defiant statement to prove it has lost nothing, which makes one suspicious that it believes it has. Certainly Turkey failed to agree to the conditions Moscow pressed upon her.

The main text of the treaty reveals the cause for these attitudes. Turkey agrees to help France and Britain in any hostilities in the Mediterranean area caused by an act of aggression by any European power. It agrees to help them if they become involved in hostilities because of Britain's guarantees to Greece or Rumania. Turkey also agrees to consult, and at the least to maintain "benevolent neutrality," in the case of any other aggression against France or Britain by a European power. She will consult, too, in the case of aggression against any other European nation guaranteed by France or Britain, or against any nation not guaranteed, if any of the contracting parties believes such aggression a menace to itself. Reciprocal obligations to defend Turkey against aggression are assumed by France and Britain. None of the nations concerned will make a separate peace. This is an explicit and full-fledged military alliance.

So specific a document means specific things. It means, in the first place, that if Italy enters the war on the side of Germany, Turkey will enter it on the other. That should be a deterrent influence on Italy, provided she needs any. Second, it means that if Germany, Italy, Hungary or Bulgaria attacks Greece or Rumania, Turkey will join the Allies in defending them. Thus Greece and Rumania are given a practical assurance of great importance which Poland did not have, and are by so much strengthened in an effort to remain out of the war and resist aggression. Third, if Germany attacks any other of the small neutrals—such as Holland, Belgium or Switzerland—it may bring Turkey into the war.

By omission, the treaty leaves in force former agreements by which a limited number of French and British naval forces are to have free passage of the Dardanelles. They could bring direct aid to Rumania, or they could conceivably harass exports to Germany which traverse the important Black Sea route from Russian ports to the mouth of the Danube. Even if part of the aid from Russia is not cut off, German hopes of economic support from the Near East are now severed sharply at the Turkish border.

So much is certain—but with a proviso that might severely limit the treaty or change its whole effect. This is contained in an added protocol, which includes the following significant clause—"The obligations undertaken by Turkey in virtue of the above-mentioned treaty cannot compel that country to take action having as its effect or involving as its consequence entry into armed conflict with the USSR." This also means certain definite things. It means, first, that if the Soviet Union joins the war on the German side, Turkey need not join it on the other, no matter what happens. Short

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of that, it means that if the USSR attacks Rumania, Turkey is not bound to defend her. Or if the Soviet Union threatens Turkey with war as a means of preventing the Allied navies from coming to the aid of Rumania, or from raiding commerce in the Black Sea, Turkey is not obliged to open the Straits.

Thus the real meaning of the treaty is left to Moscow. Stalin can use it about as he pleases. If he is determined that Britain and France shall be defeated, he can nullify it completely by joining Germany. If he merely wants to pick up conquests about the edges, he can leave the treaty in force as a means of blocking German expansion in the Balkans, while he annexes Bessarabia and as much else of the Balkan territory and influence as he likes. If he wants to retain a neutrality benevolent to Germany he need do nothing more than veto Allied raids on Russian exports to Germany carried via the Black Sea. And if he just wants the Allies to win, he can sit tight and do nothing at all.

In view of this power conferred on the Soviet Union by the new treaty, we should have said it was mainly a victory for Stalin, if it had not been for the outburst in the Soviet press. It appears, however, according to the official interpretation, that the Soviet government defeated a plot to wean her over to the British-French side of the war. It was Turkey that wanted something from the USSR in the negotiations, not the reverse. Presumably what she wanted was permission to sign the pact without reservations—an outcome which would, by implication, have put the Soviet seal on the encirclement of Germany. The Soviet Union, however, saw through the plot and retained her freedom of action.

Just what does this mean as to Moscow's intention? Only time can tell. The first reading between the lines would imply that the Kremlin is disappointed in the outcome, having been acting as Germany's agent in trying to keep Turkey out of the Allied orbit. The inference thus would be that the Soviet government intends to use its freedom of action in the German interest, to keep the pact from effectual operation. But perhaps that is only what the Soviet press intended Germany to read between the lines. Undoubtedly some sort of deal was made between Moscow and Berlin as to spheres of influence and future action. So far it has been uncovered only in Poland and the Baltic states—and here the Soviet Union has been picking all the plums. It is inconceivable that in any such arrangement the Reich would not have been granted something in the Balkans. It would then have been Moscow's role, as a loyal partner, to put pressure on Turkey to allow the Russo-German understanding to go into effect. In this Moscow seems to have failed, and it was only decent to express some resentment. But there is a chance that the Soviet government is secretly not displeased by the failure—especially as it can open the way, when the time comes, for it to satisfy more fully its own ambitions in southeastern Europe.

India: Britain's Acid Test

DURING THE LAST WAR, Great Britain made a promise of self-government for India. The Secretary of State for India, Mr. Montagu, made a declaration to that effect in the House of Commons on August 20, 1917, and then went to India to work out a plan with the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford. In the past twenty-two years a little progress has been made, but not much. The Provinces, as distinguished from the native states, have provincial legislatures with elected members and with control over certain functions of the local governments.

The subjects that are still reserved to the British Raj are, however, more important than those which the Indians now control. The majority of those Indians who are politically conscious consider that the promise given during the war has been betrayed and that the reforms instituted do not constitute genuine self-government. It is because of this feeling that Mr. Gandhi has been fighting for twenty years by his sometimes extremely effective weapon of non-coöperation and that Mr. Nehru and the other more aggressive leaders of the National Congress have continued their efforts.

To all supporters of the Congress, it came as a slap in the face when the Viceroy recently announced that the subject of dominion status for India is adjourned until after the end of the present war. In the previous struggle, India got a promise that was never carried out; this time, she doesn't even get a promise. It is not surprising that the Congress has told the eight provincial ministries controlled by its members to resign in protest. Even the National Liberal Federation complains of the Viceroy's statement, saying that he offers no time limit, even after the end of the war, and gives no suggestion as to what "dominion status" may embrace.

India today is in a sober and realistic mood. The agitation for complete independence has been tempered, in recent years, by Japan's imperialist aims and by the possibility of enforced inclusion in the USSR. Bad as British rule has been, not many Indians, so far as we can judge, would willingly exchange it for even a veiled control by Japan or Russia. India, in other words, is in a mood to coöperate loyally in the effort to work out a genuine status of reasonable autonomy within the Empire. Hitler is far more unpopular with educated Indians than Kaiser Wilhelm was in 1914. The native states are always aggressively loyal, but this time India as a whole is prepared to do her part in the war. In the face of such an attitude, for the Viceroy to say bluntly that there must be no discussion of dominion status until the war is ended is a blunder of the magnitude of a crime. This is especially true when he did not accompany his ulti-

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matum by any suggestion that pending this decision, India would of course be spared the necessity of contributing to the war. On the contrary, she will be asked to give men and money on a heroic scale. The postponement only works one way; Indians are permitted to pay and die for the Empire but they are not allowed to consider control of their own affairs within that empire.

The development in India is doubly disturbing because of its effect upon neutral opinion throughout the world. German propaganda would have us believe that this is not a war between ideologies but between empires, that England is fighting, not for democracy as she says, but to preserve the encrusted loot of centuries. Britain of course denies this, if not through the mouth of Mr. Chamberlain, then through the numerous mouths of editors, writers and lecturers who direct their special attention toward the United States. They are unanimously sure that Britain is fighting for an ideal, an ideal which she shares with us, an ideal which justifies our giving her all possible aid. Yet there could hardly be a clearer test of her intentions than her treatment of India. If the Viceroy's word remains the final one, millions of people throughout the world, and in the United States in particular, will feel that the pretensions under which Great Britain has announced that she is fighting this war have a singularly hollow sound.

The Labor Party Purge

NORMAN THOMAS, speaking for the Socialist Party, has issued a statement in support of the American Labor Party's action in ousting New York Councilman Michael Quill, president of the Transport Workers, because he refused to endorse a recent resolution in favor of the President's neutrality policy and in opposition to the Russo-German pact. This purge was deplored by The New Republic. Mr. Thomas regrets that the two issues were combined in this resolution, since he favors the arms embargo, and also because "the Party as a whole had taken no specific stand on foreign policies and was understood to have no official policy beyond the general desire to keep out of war." But the secretary of the Party, Alex Rose, has since made it clear that nobody will be purged for favoring retention of the embargo, but only for failing to favor denunciation of the pact. Mr. Thomas goes on to say that Mr. Quill's denial of being a Communist is suspect because party members and fellow travelers often make such denials, and Mr. Quill in his public life has followed the Communist line. The American Labor Party should free itself from Communist influence, and as a voluntary association has a perfect right to do so. This is not an infringement of civil liberties, so long as the Communists are allowed to have their own party and are not expelled from unions on account of party membership.

There seems to us much sense, but also a fatal flaw in Mr. Thomas' logic. He might as well say that because thieves usually deny that they are thieves, anybody who is accused of being one, and denies it, is a thief. It is customary for factionalists to charge that anyone who agrees with the Communist line at any point is a "fellow traveler"; yet intelligent trade unionists, liberals and socialists often have agreed with it. This has been particularly true in recent years when the "line" was deliberately drawn to make possible a popular front and to advance the American labor movement. Though we dislike the Russo-German agreement, we can conceive of a non-Communist approving it, or at least believing that it is bad policy for a local political party to denounce it and to make that denunciation a test of fitness for membership and office.

Of course, Communists should not be members and candidates of the ALP. Neither should members of any other political party, without specific and aboveboard agreement. But dogmatic tests of eligibility, carried out on the basis of suspicion and inquisitorial rituals, are not good strategy for any party, to say nothing of a labor party at the present juncture. The ALP is in no danger of Communist domination if its members will control it. It is in danger of becoming a narrow-minded sect without the power and backing of the broad labor movement, if its policies are directed by those who place hostility to a European dictator above the requirements of American democracy in New York City. If there must be a purge, we should advise throwing out all those who bicker so much about what is going on in Russia, on whatever side, that they can't preserve progressive unity here.

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EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO.

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Diplomatic Double Play

OCTOBER 18 seems to have opened a fortunate era for Allied diplomacy. France and England have been seeing victories by Hitler in the political field, which is decidedly different from what it was in the first years of the last war. Even though it was at Germany's instigation that Russia refused to maintain the non-aggression pact with Turkey, which had vague affiliations with the Franco-English-Turkish pact, the "interruption" of the Russo-Turkish conversations marked a serious diplomatic defeat for Germany. Hitler knows much less about the mysteries of Moscow's policies than the Allies do. The Führer imagines that as long as Moscow maintains any relations with Paris and London there is always the possibility of Stalin's joining the democracies. Hitler also thought that in this way he could reinforce the Russo-German alliance. But he is greatly mistaken.

Stalin is following a definite and intelligent policy which is just as opportunist as that of Hitler. No alliance whatsoever will keep Stalin at Hitler's side longer than is necessary to bring about the latter's downfall.

The Führer is frankly worried about attacking the French and British forces. Stalin knows that Goebbels and Rosenberg are frequently secret mouthpieces for Hitlerian generals such as Erhard Milsch, Admiral Raeder and even Hitler's confidants—Generals Keitel and Brauchitsch. Stalin knows all the details of the "secret" council meeting which lasted twenty-eight hours without interruption on Sunday and Monday, October 15 and 16.

When Hitler and Goering tried to persuade the Generals to adopt the latter's plan in the west— to attack England through Holland, and France through Luxemburg and Switzerland—Goebbels and Rosenberg maintained that the Allied forces were too strong and that the Reich should limit itself to defensive warfare, to a blockade war during which peace offers should be made to the Allies every three months. Moreover, German peace should not demand more for the Reich than the frontiers established by the Munich conference.

When Hitler and Goering demanded that the military chiefs oppose supporters of Goebbels and Rosenberg—that is to say, the Wilhelmstrasse functionaries, the Reichswehr high staff, Finance Minister von Neurath—they preferred not to give their opinion. Consequently, Paris believes there is every possibility that Hitler won't dare to execute Goering's plan before spring, if ever.

Hitler's decision upsets Stalin's plans. To succeed, the latter must be assured that German armies are occupied in the west so as not to interfere with his movements. This fact is obvious to even the most disinterested foreign observers but not to Hitler. He has only one objective—to draw Russia into the war on his side against the democracies. Hitler was horrified by the creation of a permanent organization for consultation on the Balkan problems, which is foreseen in the recent Allied-Turkish accord.

If Stalin weren't the clever diplomat he is, it might be thought he lost in breaking off Turkish negotiations, since the Dardanelles remain open to Allied warships. But it should be added that it was particularly advantageous for the Russian colossus to have had daily conversations with the Turkish republic, particularly in so far as Russian expansion in the Balkans is concerned—based on both Bolshevistic and Pan-Slavic policies.

Who knows but that Ismet Inonu—former promulgator of the Russo-Turkish military alliance and the treaty of 1920—had feared falling victim to the terrifying diplomatic methods of the Kremlin? Who knows whether France and England weren't forced to overcome certain hesitations of Ankara concerning the Mediterranean, and above all who knows whether Ankara wouldn't have balked if it had been necessary to organize an eastern front to attack Germany?

Meanwhile Stalin knows perfectly well what he is doing in offering Hitler all possible encouragement for launching his forces against the western front. Moscow hasn't broken her pact with France, and is intensifying her commercial treaties with England. Stalin didn't fall into the trap Germany set by deliberately effacing herself in the Scandinavian countries, so that Russia would carry on the war there. Moscow is doing everything possible to egg Hitler on to spend his forces in the west. Undoubtedly the Kremlin will promise Hitler some material aid in exchange. Most likely, this will be offered in the form of planes and submarines.

Allied diplomats, after long experiences, have finally come to understand Moscow's diplomatic methods, and however unpleasant these may be they no longer revolt against them. They realize that Stalin is striking the hardest blows at Hitlerism, and they count on him to join Turkey, which now implies joining the democracies, when Hitler is engaged on the western front.

While it may appear superficially that Hitler has won the first round he is really the principal loser. France and England are the real beneficiaries. They now reign in the Mediterranean, thanks to the Turkish agreement for maintenance of a Mediterranean *status quo*. Also they may now find solutions to many problems, on account of their agreements with Rumania and Greece. The "interruption" of Russo-Turkish negotiations on October 18 was the first great Allied diplomatic victory of the war.

Paris (by cable) GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

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Dr. Gallup's Statistics

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED thanking God for the Atlantic and congratulating himself on having anticipated the rush, one traveler who recently returned to the United States from Europe began to wonder about opinion in his own country. What were people thinking about what had happened during his absence? He had been a diligent reader of English and French papers and even of the Paris edition of The Herald Tribune for American dispatches. But without the great metropolitan dailies, without the columnists, without the journals of opinion, he must have got out of touch with American thought. Happily, because of recent discoveries, he could catch up without thumbing through old files of papers or listening to lectures from helpful and suffering friends. He could say to his secretary: "Get me the polls of the American Institute of Public Opinion for the last six weeks" and expect that the resulting edification would be precise. From an armchair ruminator or lecturer it would be qualitative. From Dr. Gallup it is quantitative.

Thus I learn that 50 percent of the people think that business would be more prosperous under a Republican administration, while 26 percent think that it would be less prosperous. Twenty-four percent think that it would be "about the same." If those who take sides mean that business would be only a little more or a little less prosperous, all the people of this great country may be in substantial agreement on this important matter. I learn also without surprise that an overwhelming proportion of Republicans think business would be better under a Republican President and that a substantial number of Democrats think it would be worse.

Popular sympathy for China seems to have increased markedly. In 1937, only two percent of the people gave their "sympathies" to Japan, and only two percent do so today. Two years ago 51 percent of the population refused to sympathize with either Japan or China. Now only 24 percent don't care and 74 percent offer China their "sympathies." But whether the "sympathies" are merely polite or whether they are heartfelt I cannot tell. A good many more people are willing to stop buying Japanese goods. But how willing? Are they anxious to stop? They were not asked. If they had been, the answer could hardly have been given in informing percentages. Hence on this matter I remain ignorant.

I learn (and am somewhat relieved) that, if the presidential race in 1940 should be between District Attorney Dewey and President Roosevelt, the former is slipping. In May, as I was leaving for Europe, Dewey was a 55-to-45 favorite; later the odds shortened to 52-to-48. But I should like to know how many people don't care and will go fishing rather than watch the race. And I should like to know how much the people who say that they care really do care. Anyway it doesn't make much difference because I have been taught (and sometimes teach) that we have an Electoral College and I hence know (some of my students may, too) that if the odds are no longer than they are stated to be, either Dewey or Roosevelt could win a decisive victory. But Mr. Dewey is also slipping in the favor of Republican voters. In May, 54 percent of them preferred him to all other possibilities; in July the figure was 47 percent. Does this mean that Republicans were thinking that they would have a better chance of victory? I await breathlessly a poll which will discover the results on "public opinion" of Mr. Dewey's visit to the farm on which he once worked.

In June, on the assumption that Mr. Roosevelt would not run, nearly half of the country's Democrats preferred "Cactus Jack" Garner. A later poll, the results of which were published on August 4, showed that 46 percent still said: "We want Garner." In saying this, did they shout or did they bleat? Presumably the question was asked before Mr. John L. Lewis spoke out so harshly. Now Mr. Lewis must be awaiting another poll of "public opinion" in order to discover (a) the extent to which the country heeds him, or (b) the extent to which the country thinks that certain matters are irrelevant.

To one who has been in London, it would seem that the American Ambassador is not without honor save among his own country's voters. In June, only one out of a hundred Democrats wanted Mr. Kennedy. On August 4, it wasn't that many. His name didn't figure in the list. But should I be pleased or alarmed that while in June only three percent of the Democrats were for McNutt, in August 13 percent were for him? Can I infer from this that he is being groomed as a presidential candidate in 1940 or that he may be going out on a limb? I trust that it is the latter.

From another poll I learn that 28 percent of the people think that relief and the WPA were the "greatest accomplishments of the Roosevelt administration"; that 23 percent of the people think that relief and the WPA were the "worst things done." On this matter I trail with the majority of the people of the United States, but where does this place me? I agree with both groups, but I should like to know how many of the 28 percent are also in the 23 percent. Are they there for the reasons which put me in both places—warm admiration for a guiding philosophy that was admirable and for courageous and imaginative inventiveness; regret that directing control was lacking and that administrative imbecilities were appalling?

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Having paid taxes in two European countries this summer, I am intrigued by learning that one-quarter of the adult voters of the United States do not think that *they* are taxpayers, and that 71 percent of the "untaxed" approve of Mr. Roosevelt, while only 54 percent of the taxpayers extend their approval. I am pleased to know that I went to the two countries most liked by the American people. Forty-three percent of my fellow countrymen like England best, but only 11 percent like France best. How intense the liking is, I have no means of knowing. Would they want to go to war to help the country they "like" best? But this is not a good question. How far into the war? Airplane shipments—paid for or free? Pilots—volunteer or from the army? Naval assistance—to convoy supplies or to do battle? Another expeditionary force?

The questions are pertinent, since a Gallup poll, the results of which were made public on August 20, informs me that 76 percent of the people think the United States "would be drawn into a general European war" and that 24 percent think we would stay out. But "drawn in" how, where and to what extent? Dr. Gallup did not ask me these questions and so I cannot "know" the answers. It did not help much to be told that 25 percent thought we would send troops and 40 percent materials and no troops. Are these guesses wishful or fearful?

But I have Galluped far enough and now pause to inquire where I am at.

Are there not some considerations which every scrutinizer of these polls should keep in mind? "Interesting if true" is a familiar phrase, and I am of course willing to accept the view of the statisticians that the percentage of error is slight. So the results are true, but how interesting are they? How significant? I have suggested one consideration in the doubts that I interpolated while I enumerated the subjects on which I was edified. How intensely are these opinions held? That is what I want to know, and that is what Dr. Gallup does not tell me. I doubt whether an Institute of Public Opinion can tell me. President Roosevelt, reading in the Republican press that he is slipping fast and knowing that he hasn't slipped in the favor of a sample of the electorate—the persons interrogated by the Gallup investigators—can borrow Al Smith's word and can reply, "Baloney." He knows that the claim of the enemy is not true. But isn't this almost as crude a form of knowledge as comes from the disproof (through a poll) of the claim of a rival manufacturer that three out of five consumers use his tooth paste? The disproof may be convincing but it does not measure public opinion on tooth paste. Nor does the "measurement" mean much to me, when certain percentages state that they feel "passionately" or "mildly" about the Chief Executive. What one thinks passion in oneself may be mildness in another.

Take the question of sitdown strikes in respect of which, for all I know, Dr. Gallup may have ascertained the state of public opinion. Suppose to the question: "Do you favor legislation outlawing sitdown strikes?" 60 or 70 percent of those interrogated reply "Yes"; and assuming that that represents the "opinion" of the whole electorate, just what does it mean? How many of the majority, not caring greatly, not knowing much about the issue, think that on the whole sitdown strikes might well be made illegal? How many are willing to go out and actively work to have them made illegal? (Many would differ on the degree of illegality they desired.) And—this is important—how bitterly will those who want to retain sitdown strikes as a labor weapon oppose any attempt to outlaw them? Polls can't answer these questions.

In elections we count heads instead of breaking them, as the old phrase is, and some of those who vote against the candidate who is elected send him congratulations and best wishes. But a popular estimate of an issue is a different matter. Here some heads count more than others do because intellectual temperatures are higher and because emotions are involved. Some opinions are influential in changing other opinions. Moreover, the process of decision in a democracy involves a good deal more than discovering whether there is a plurality or a majority which favors a particular course of action. We try to find this out, but decisions have to be accepted. There has to be consent, and without a pretty broad basis of consent democracy cannot work.

Hence a majority, if they are wise, do not insist on having their way until they know that the basis of consent is to be pretty broad. They recognize that minorities have certain rights. In extreme cases, they may respect minority opinions to the extent of not interfering with them. Thus Great Britain is not applying conscription to conscientious objectors. And majorities should also remember that history can be written as an account of their follies. But if a broad basis of consent is anticipated, decisions can be taken by legislative majorities which may not be backed by popular majorities or even pluralities. Under these circumstances, those who want the decision have to be confident and anxious to act. Those who are in the opposition have to be apathetic.

In an address at Princeton University a few months ago, Dr. Gallup suggested that "statesmen who know the true extent of public opinion"—that is, through polls—"will be able to formulate plans with a sure knowledge of what the voting public is thinking. They can know what degree of opposition to any proposed plan exists and what efforts are necessary to gain acceptance for it."

Having tried to catch up with American public opinion through the results of these polls, I respectfully dissent. Correct the results may be, but how illuminating are they?

LINDSAY ROGERS

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The Propagandists Open Fire

THE LINOTYPES went into action long before the guns began to roar. Less than twenty-four hours after Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain announced that England and Germany were at war, planes of the Royal Air Force peppered the Reich with handbills. Several days later, while Gustave Gamelin was still making contact, England's first White Paper rolled from the presses. Reichsführer Adolf Hitler kept his warplanes safe at home; but his powerful shortwave radio station at Zeesen bombarded France with propaganda: "England will fight until the last Frenchman."

Even today, with the war about seven weeks old, the rumble of guns on the western front is overwhelmed by the clatter of typewriters.

We've heard it all before. Either history repeats itself as faithfully as though Gertrude Stein wrote the script, or else the press agents for this world war have simply dug into the scrapbooks of the last to lift the stories word for word, changing only the dates. Offhand, the latter seems more likely, for, if there are similarities between 1914 and 1939, there are differences, too. England and France have gone to war determined to win, yet not quite knowing what they will do when victory comes. They knew in 1914: hang the Kaiser, scrap the German navy, partition Germany, make the world safe for democracy. Now, as the public-relations men like to say, propaganda and policy are inseparable. You can't work up your sales talk until you know what you're selling. The propagandists of the second world war don't know. Until they do—until the belligerents develop clear-cut war aims—they are lost. They can only rehash the patter of twenty-five years ago.

Once again Germany starts the war of words at top speed, while England muddles along, patching her Ministry of Information together, painfully and piece by piece. In 1914, England had no Ministry of Information; the organization was improvised, and in the face of bitter opposition from men like Sir Herbert Samuel. In 1939 Dr. Goebbels is six years ahead of Lord MacMillan, at the least. For it was not until this year that Neville Chamberlain resuscitated the Ministry of Information under the amiable, if fantastically incompetent, Lord Perth, while the German Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment has been rolling along since 1933, spending $100,000,000 every year. Today, Lord MacMillan has 450 men on his staff; Dr. Goebbels has 25,000.

Once again Germany starts the war of words by trying (and probably without much hope of success) to split France off from England. If today German propagandists say that "England will fight until the last Frenchman," in 1914 the story was: "France is England's cat's-paw." Adolf Hitler stands in the Market Square of Danzig and says that France was railroaded into the war by England. France was ready to make peace with Germany—so Adolf Hitler says—but England, Perfidious Albion, wouldn't let her. That's what the German propagandists said in 1914, too.

You can find it all in the files of the Gazette des Ardennes, the French-language newspaper that Germany smuggled across the lines in the last world war in frantic though futile effort to split the Allies by wooing France and castigating England. Does the German short-wave radio report that sailors on the "Normandie" fought with the crew of the "Queen Mary" in New York harbor? The Gazette told about fights between Poilu and Tommy. Does the Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment say that French and German troops went swimming together in the Rhine River? That story and others like it were also in the Gazette.

Germany's peace offensive is another twice-told tale. In 1916 the German High Command began to see the handwriting on the wall. Germany, weakened by her losses in the battle of the Somme, with food and fuel running short, was anxious for peace, but the army didn't want to show any sign of weakness. So Kaiser William II waited for an important victory, the fall of Bucharest. Then he called upon the Allies to stop the slaughter, threatening both England and France with destruction if they didn't.

Now Kaiser William *did* want peace—at his own terms. (So does the Führer.) His peace offensive was propaganda, none the less. For, by holding out the olive branch, Germany in 1916 sought to place responsibility for continuation of the war squarely on the doorstep of the Allies. In 1939, Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin proclaim that Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia are ready for peace; and they say that, "Should the efforts of both governments fail, the fact would be established that England and France are responsible for continuation of the war. . . ."

To German propagandists in the first world war the importance of the peace offensive could hardly be exaggerated. It was Germany that fired the first shot: Germany started the war, Q.E.D. Sneer, if you will, at the devil theory of war; the man in the street doesn't.

That's what German propagandists were up against in the first world war: their country was branded the aggressor. They pushed the peace offensive desperately to rub the brand away. They didn't quite succeed, but they made plenty of trouble for England's Ministry of Information. Sir Edward Grey confesses in "Twenty-

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five Years" that Germany's peace offensive was among the most effective moves that her propagandists made. Today, German propagandists face essentially the same problem: Germany fired the first shot. Whether the peace offensive will be effective again is hard to say. Probably not. One of the first reactions to Adolf Hitler's Reichstag speech was that of the Japanese newspaper Yomiuri, which called it weak and insincere.

Yes, they even make the same mistakes. When Germany invaded Belgium in 1914, German propagandists threw up their hands in horror. Belgian civilians were sniping at German troops, so they said. That probably was true. And to soldiers—even in the United States—it probably was appalling. Civilian snipers in wartime are treated like spies. If you catch them, you shoot them; you take no chances. Germany shot 2,000 Belgian snipers. Her propagandists could never understand why so many Americans protested.

Ever since then, students of propaganda in the United States have pointed this out as the classic example of the inability of the Germans to understand how Americans think. For—and this cannot be emphasized too strongly—the German propagandists honestly believed that civilian snipers were criminals. (Soldiers generally do.) Indeed, Kaiser William actually protested to Woodrow Wilson about it. Somehow, the Germans just couldn't understand that in America the stories of sniping only served to prove that little Belgium really was as plucky as the Allies said.

In Poland there was sniping, too. Again the German propagandists were horrified. They stuffed American newspapermen full of stories about peasant women, their babies in their arms, shooting German soldiers. Dreadful! said the German propagandists, but in the United States there was only admiration for "plucky little Poland."

Under Lord Perth, England's Ministry of Information was so incompetent that even now, with Lord Perth gone, newspapermen in London still grumble at the censorship by calling it "Perth control." Under Lord MacMillan, the Ministry has become somewhat more efficient, but it still creaks badly enough for The London Times to become indignant. The Manchester Guardian rails at the Ministry's "stupid boasting . . . which everyone knows is untrue." Apparently, however, the Ministry of Information, like the German Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, has been digging into the scrapbooks of the first world war. Unfortunately (for Dr. Goebbels, that is) England's scrapbooks are much better than Germany's.

As far as the United States was concerned, England learned early in the last world war to let Americans do her work for her, whenever possible, that is. She did send propagandists here, of course, and especially lecturers. However, the most effective pro-Ally propaganda came from Americans—unquestionably patriotic Americans who just happened to see eye to eye with England. On September 26, Lord MacMillan, addressing the House of Lords, announced that it was against his policy to carry on propaganda in the United States. He didn't mean quite that, for England already is carrying on propaganda in the United States: the Ministry of Information floods the cables with stories giving England's side of the war; the censors take care that none of the London correspondents give any other side. All he meant was that he wouldn't send any press agents over here. Why should he? England's first propaganda objective in the United States is repeal of the embargo, and Franklin D. Roosevelt is taking care of that far better than any British press agent could. Why should Lord MacMillan bother when the President of the United States is right in there pitching for him?

Just to help the President out, the Ministry of Information did work up one story that didn't quite come off, but you can't blame anyone for trying. It was the warning to Americans that Germany might establish submarine bases in the Western Hemisphere. In the last war, England told America that she was fighting our fight. (After Versailles, when England stopped paying on her war debt, the story was: for three years we fought your fight, now you want to make us pay for defending you.) If the British hope to get the United States into the war on their side, they will again have to prove an identity of interest; and what better way than by creating the fear of German warships in American harbors, German troops on American soil?

Naturally, the countries of South America were quick to deny that Germany was seeking to establish bases there; nor would they countenance any proposals, they said. A few days later, the President told his press conference that mysterious submarines had been sighted in our waters, putting speculations about the plans of the German navy back on page one.

Unlike the English, the Germans have not been content to let Americans carry on for them in the United States. Naturally, they cannot hope to find many Americans ready to defend Adolf Hitler. On the other hand, there are millions who just happen to agree with him that we shouldn't help the Allies. Their reasons are quite different from Hitler's; still, for the moment at least their policy is right up his alley. Instead of letting well enough alone, the Germans have again chosen to ship their own propagandists over here. The German Library of Information suddenly has begun to send out booklets and leaflets by the carload—to people who never asked for them, and whose reaction to finding them in the mail box is bewilderment and irritation. A thinly disguised propaganda organization, Transocean News Service, has been set up with offices in New York and Washington. A magazine has been started, Today's Challenge, whose editors deny being German propagandists but admit that much of their money came from George Sylvester Viereck, by far the most prominent German propagandist here, and editor of The Fatherland in the last world war. Of course, Fritz Kuhn has been talking, and so has Colin Ross.

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The propaganda has backfired, as every one but the Germans themselves expected. The Germans are doing again what they did in 1914, and with the same result. Somehow they never seem to learn that blood may call to blood in the Reich, but not in the mongrel U. S. A. Somehow they never seem to learn that Americans don't like to have foreigners mixing in what they consider purely American problems.

We've heard them all before. The "Athenia" goes down and Winston Churchill, remembering the "Lusitania," talks of German atrocities; while Germany's Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, remembering the "Lusitania," too, is stunned at first, and then shouts that Britain sunk her own liner. To bolster the story, Admiral Erich Raeder warns President Roosevelt of mysterious plans to sink the American steamship "Iroquois." In Paris, French propagandists tell American newspapermen that little Belgium may soon bleed again. If not little Belgium, then little Holland. The Bureau des Informations doesn't send out the story, but French officials whisper it—just between you and me—and it gets out anyway. They whisper that German troops are massing near Aachen, which proves it. They say that Belgium and the Netherlands have opened the dikes. Paris correspondents don't bother to check. They write the story: "Dutch and Belgians Open Dikes, Seeing Threat in German Moves," says the five-column lead headline in The New York Times. From Belgium and the Netherlands come quick denials.

Three days later the propagandists whisper in Paris bars that it looks as though little Switzerland will do the bleeding. They point out that Dr. Goebbels "specifically mentioned Luxemburg, Belgium and the Netherlands" in his denial of German plans to invade the neutrals, "but omitted Switzerland." And it may be that sooner or later Germany *will* attack through one neutral country or another. The propagandists in Paris don't know. They wish they did. Meanwhile, why not let the United States, which sentimentalized over Belgium in 1914, sentimentalize again?

HAROLD LAVINE

The Novels of Aldous Huxley

THE DRYING UP of traditional sources of value always accompanies the breakdown of the stability of a social and economic system. Certain types of pessimism in modern literature can be directly attributed to this cause. The pessimism of Samuel Butler, of Thomas Hardy, of A. E. Housman is perhaps related to it, but that of Aldous Huxley in the early stages of his development is obviously so. Huxley first became aware of society when the crumbling of traditional values was being most violently, if most superficially, reflected in the social behavior of the upper middle class. He is thus from the beginning intensely aware of this crumbling, and intensely resentful. The sources of value whose disappearance he most resents are just those which were most closely bound up with the optimistic ideals of the previous era of capitalistic expansion—belief in inevitable progress, as in Macaulay; belief in science, as in Huxley's grandfather, T. H. Huxley; belief in science as guaranteeing its own progress; as well as traditional formulas concerning ethics, religion and the romantic view of love and the individual.

Huxley starts by *wanting* to believe in all these things, especially in his grandfather's view of science and progress and the romantic moonlight-and-roses view of life (which are by no means incompatible). But life as he sees it will not let him, and his early novels record this fact with self-torturing bitterness. Having an essentially romantic mind, he sees reality in terms of individuals and their experiences, and if these individuals act in such a way as to deny all the values he would like to believe in, then he feels bitter with "reality" as a whole. There is no appeal from the individual experience, which is not regarded as a particular event conditioned by its environment (and therefore liable not to be repeated if that environment is changed), but simply as representing things in general. Just as Swift started with a preconceived sentimental view of life and, finding that life did not justify that view, turned in exaggerated bitterness against life as it was, so Huxley, starting with a preconceived romantic view of life, turns to disillusioned satire on finding that life as it is lived by his contemporaries does not justify his view. Huxley is the disillusioned romantic, as Swift is the disillusioned sentimentalist. The more romantic, or sentimental, you are, the fiercer will be your satiric picture of contemporary society, because the more disappointed and frustrated you will have been rendered by the modern scene. In the end you will either go crazy, like Swift, or else comfort yourself with a personal mysticism, a romantic view that will not require to be tested by the facts, as Huxley has done.

T. S. Eliot is an interesting parallel. The classicist or traditionalist will be most upset by the lack of order and purpose in contemporary life. He, too, will be disappointed and nostalgic, but disappointed rather with the futility and lack of coherence in modern civilization than with its lack of personal values and ideals. So he, too, will paint a dreary picture of modern life—in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "The Portrait of a Lady," which emphasize futility and purposelessness, in "The Waste Land" and "The Hollow Men,"

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where modern life is shown to be empty and dry and meaningless. The waste lands of the thwarted classicist and the thwarted romanticist have much in common. But their solutions are not the same. The frustrated classicist (again, if he does not go crazy first) will find refuge in some fairly rigid and institutionalized scheme of things, to compensate him for his wounded sense of order. Eliot finishes up by becoming a member of a highly ritualistic and hierarchic religion. Huxley, on the other hand, becomes a mystical pacifist, his outlook being essentially a personal, romantic one. Both avoid the issue, which is not personal compensation, but the alteration of the environment which has produced the necessity for that compensation, the evolution of a standard in which society can believe and with reference to which its activities can be given meaning and value.

Huxley's novels trace his journey from frustrated romantic to satisfied mystic. All his novels up to and including "Point Counter Point" in 1928 tend to be at bottom rewritings of the same essential theme. We might look first at his second novel, published in 1923.

"Antic Hay" is really a series of satirical character studies intended to display the drying up of traditional sources of value. Each character tends to represent an attitude or an activity that might be supposed to represent a source of value until close examination reveals the supposition to be false. Similar points are made by specific situations throughout the novel. The opening, showing Gumbril junior in his stall at the School Chapel, emphatically rules out institutional religion as a source of value. Gumbril listens to the Rev. Pelvey, M.A., as he drones out the conventional stuff, and contrasts what he says with his own experiences. How can the goodness of God be reconciled with his mother's horrible death from cancer? Gumbril goes on to think of his work—teaching in a boy's school—and to realize that, contrary to all romantic doctrines, there is no joy in work. The uselessness of modern education in providing values is clearly indicated, and in his disillusion Gumbril, far from making any attempt to improve matters, embarks cynically on his scheme for the manufacture of pneumatic clothing.

Religion and work having been dismissed, there comes the turn of art. With the introduction of Mr. Lypiatt, the artist, we find the further suggestion that sincerity and belief in oneself is no criterion, no source of value. For Lypiatt believes in his own abilities, has faith and, until the final disillusion, courage. But he remains a bad artist; all his faith and sincerity are powerless to help him. He goes from disillusion to disillusion, to end up with suicide. We are thus told clearly that integrity of purpose is no adequate source of value.

Perhaps science can help! Shearwater, the physiologist, soon destroys *that* illusion. He is a scientist, yes, intent on his work, competent, even brilliant. But his hopeless deficiencies of character are stressed again and again throughout the book. His vaunted scientific detachment plays him false, and he is perhaps the most inadequate as a *person* of all the characters in the story.

Coleman, the professional amoralist, is a slight sketch for Spandrell of "Point Counter Point," whose function is to suggest diabolism as a solution and prove by his own fate that such a course leaves you even worse off than traditional morality. With this theme is associated the *"video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor"* motive, suggested by Gumbril's desertion of Emily.

Romantic love, naturally, comes in for some hard treatment. It is a sham and a fake; and those who think they are romantically in love—as Lypiatt and Mrs. Viveash—not only come to a bad end, but are exhibited as suffering from a monstrous delusion. The chief female character, Mrs. Viveash, introduces the bitch motive so common in Huxley: we think of Lucy Tantamount in "Point Counter Point" and Mary Amberley in "Eyeless in Gaza." Here Huxley displays most clearly the nostalgia for moonlight and roses from which his savagery has sprung. We hear a note of fierce resentment that this source of value should be denied. And, as though for consolation (one of the few occasions in the early novels where Huxley allows himself some consolation; as a rule he prefers Swift's method), he allows Mrs. Viveash a romantic excuse for her behavior. Tony Lamb, whom she really loved, had been killed in the war, and after that nothing mattered.

It is significant that the only sympathetic figure in "Antic Hay" is Gumbril senior, "an atheist and anticlerical of the strict old school," something in the Shelley tradition, with his free-thinking, his humanity and his unselfishness. He is the only person in the book who is guilty of an altruistic action. And he is of a past generation, of a tradition that has been exploded. Like Eliot, Huxley finally returns to the past in his search for a source of value, and the character of Gumbril senior is perhaps a premonition of this.

"Those Barren Leaves" (1925) is less a novel than a series of essays presenting various types of futility, cynicism and disillusion. Here again the characters represent dried-up sources of value. Love, art, social reform, epicureanism, cynicism—all are exposed, each in a different character. The characters tend to cancel out each other's claims, each seeing through the others. Mrs. Aldwinkle is seen through by almost everybody except her young niece, while the cynicism of Mr. Cardan remains the final verdict until Chelifer arrives to see through *him*, and finally Calamy sees through Chelifer.

The conclusion is interesting. Calamy, who has renounced the life of the senses, retires to the mountains to contemplate reality alone. Chelifer and Cardan seek him out and become cynical about his omphaloskepsis. But Calamy is not impressed by their arguments. We see here the first real indication that Huxley is to conclude his search for a source of value only by isolating

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the individual from the environment which has caused him so much despair and seeking certain mystical absolutes alone. He eventually finds a solution by changing the problem.

"Point Counter Point" followed in 1928: again we are presented with a series of dismissals of traditional and other sources of value, and this time with a slightly clearer indication of where the solution is to come from. The book is, in many ways, an elaborate rewriting of "Antic Hay," with the novelist himself brought in, as Philip Quarles, to register his dissatisfaction. As the solution approaches nearer, the author becomes more distinct. There is no trace of him in "Antic Hay"; there is some slight suggestion of his identification with two of the characters in "Those Barren Leaves"; he is quite clearly, in some respects at least, Philip in the following novel; and in "Eyeless in Gaza" he is completely identified with Anthony.

"Point Counter Point" introduces us first to Walter and Marjorie, living together but unmarried. Walter has learned quickly that love in a cottage is not at all like "Epipsychidion" or "La Maison du Berger." Outside or inside wedlock, love loses its moonlight-and-roses aspect very rapidly in either case. Modern freedom is no better source of value, where love is concerned, than Victorian conventionality. With this point are associated analyses of love in terms, for example, of chemistry, or with Swiftian lingering on bad smells. There is something very fierce about the rejection of love here. The Tantamounts introduce us to Society—high society with Lady Tantamount, low society with Illidge. The inadequacy of both to give value to personality is illustrated quickly and finally. Lord Edward, the aristocratic scientist, is a redrawing of the earlier Shearwater. Scientific detachment is achieved at a wholly excessive cost in personal reality, and therefore provides no source of value. Even Philip, the professional author, finds that zeal in his profession provides no criterion of personal value.

The death of young Phil adds a more sinister thought: in addition to the general barrenness, there is always fortuitous evil to reckon with, torture coming gratuitously out of the blue. John Bidlake, the aging artist, is the most mature picture Huxley gives us of apparent success ultimately revealing itself as real failure—another value that has broken down. Webbley, the would-be fascist leader, introduces a new theme: he is the man of action—perhaps action is the solution. But the man of action turns out to be a shoddy exhibitionist, who comes to a melodramatic end. Spandrell, like his predecessor Coleman, is the representative of diabolism, the man who makes black his white out of disillusion or unhappiness or out of a desire to prove good by evil. But diabolism simply defetts itself: even as an attempt to prove good by evil it gets nowhere.

And who are left as the sympathetic characters? Only Rampion and his wife. Rampion is allowed to deliver a complete exposé of his philosophy toward the end of the book. With his belief in love and emotion and the body, he is something of a mixture of D. H. Lawrence and the hero of a romantic movie: "If men went about satisfying their instinctive desires only when they genuinely felt them, like the animals you are so contemptuous of, they'd behave a damned sight better than the majority of civilized beings behave today. It isn't natural appetite and spontaneous instinctive desire that make men so beastly . . . it's the imagination, it's the intellect, it's principles, it's tradition and education. Leave the instincts to themselves and they'll do very little mischief." The way to a personal mysticism is being gradually paved. Depreciation of the intellect, the application of a criterion taken from an undefined "natural" man to civilization in general—we are beginning to see vaguely the nature of Huxley's final solution.

"Brave New World," published in 1932, amplifies in extended parable form a point he had made frequently before. The Victorian belief in science as guaranteeing progress, in science as an end and not a means, must have been particularly bitter for T. H. Huxley's grandson to shake off: the drying up of this source of value is therefore insisted on again and again.

That the scientific delusion should have been the subject of a whole novel, while none of the other dried-up sources of value gets the honor of a book to itself, illustrates Huxley's tendency to tug hardest at the tooth that aches the most.

So far Huxley had spent his time as a novelist looking down empty wells. With "Eyeless in Gaza," published in 1936, he gives up this barren occupation and proceeds to dig his own well. The book is the record of his progress through the "Point Counter Point" life to a mystical-pacifist view, bringing final rest in the bosom of Non-resistance. Non-resistance is not, however, a negative attitude called forth by certain specific circumstances; it is elevated into a philosophy of life. Having found the old positive values dried up, and being therefore afraid to pursue his investigation into those values any further, he gives up the search, and inverts a negative view into a positive, reaction to a circumstance into a world view. Sir Philip Sidney had replied to the charge that poets lie by arguing that as a poet affirms nothing he cannot be said to lie in any respect. So Huxley replies to the crumbling of positive values which he sees in modern society by erecting a value which is dependent on nothing positive, and therefore cannot crumble.

That the solution is verbal rather than actual is inevitable in such a circumstance. Huxley has reached the point where he is content with a personal emotional solution, so that, for all his intellectual acuteness, he is not aware that in constructing this new philosophy he is guilty of mistaking the subjective for the objective, of

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applying to an external situation what is true only of a personal emotion, that there is both a false analogy and bad psychology involved in the process. Mr. Miller may daunt a critic by allowing the critic to slap him, the critic may thus be made to feel a fool and Mr. Miller may feel a glow of righteousness, but Hitler does not feel in the least ashamed when Chamberlain allows him to take Austria; then offers him Czecho-Slovakia. History, unfortunately, does not conform to Mr. Huxley's emotions. Though the view put forward at the conclusion of "Eyeless in Gaza" has been supported by Huxley in his non-fictional writing, we cannot help feeling that the special pleading and rather tricky argumentation that this involves is an indication that Huxley, in finding a solution to his problem, has unconsciously changed the nature of his problem and that he has not answered the question implicit in his earlier criticisms of society. Huxley as a frustrated romantic creating his own compensation is now revealed. What his future course may be, is no purpose of the present study to guess at.

From Gumbril senior to Calamy, from Calamy to Rampion, from Rampion to Miller and Anthony after his conversion. The evolution of the Huxley hero stands as one of the most instructive phenomena in recent literature.

That Huxley chose to express himself most fully through the novel is an interesting example of the way in which the "literary climate" of his age may divert a man's talent. His real genius is as an essayist. In the brief character sketch, the well argued single point, the personal reminiscence, he is supreme among his contemporaries. But the novel in our time having become the recognized means of propaganda through literature, Huxley followed the fashion and wrote novels.

For all the pretentiousness of his techniques, however, there is always the suggestion that he is doing this because it is expected of him, because technical experimentation in fiction is in the air. His treatment of time in "Point Counter Point" and "Eyeless in Gaza" has misled some critics into acclaiming Huxley as one of the great pioneers in fictional technique, but a careful examination will reveal that none of the devices employed has any real justification in terms of the necessity demanded by the scope and form of the particular novel; the juggling with time simply confuses, because it is a device added to the plot rather than something integral to it. A comparison of Huxley's novels with "Ulysses" or "To the Lighthouse" will reveal the essentially inorganic quality of his technical apparatus: in the latter novels form and content are in a relation of complete mutual dependence, but this is not the case with Huxley's fiction. His novels are either a series of character sketches, or a group of essays, or simple fables, or tracts. His essays, however, are always brilliantly executed. DAVID DAICHES

Shoot the Works

The Ambassador's Pajamas

I'M NOT MUCH TAKEN BY any speech in which the orator of the evening says that unless America does this or refrains from doing that, "Civilization as we have known it will perish off the earth." Such swinging statements, which have been a commonplace of late, carry for me a double dose of alienation. There are many insane things which men and nations can do and practically all are being done at this precise moment. Nevertheless catastrophe has come in the past and flood waters have dwelt on the face of the earth without destroying that spark of spirit which is properly called civilization. And resurgence has been accomplished on occasion before America was discovered.

Even under the dispensation of the New Deal I gravely doubt whether we of the United States have been peculiarly designated as God's anointed. Yet the rumor is rife in the Senate. Senator Borah made a speech the other day in which he referred to our native land as the only true democracy in all the world. Later somebody whispered, "Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway" in his ear and the Idaho hot potato said, "Oh, I forgot them."

Too much forgetting is going on in our national legislature. Indeed loss of memory is being offered as a kind of blessedness. Somewhat after the manner of Cleopatra, though not precisely, we are supposed to swoon and cry out, "All for Lindbergh and the world well lost."

When he came back from Paris I watched the parade of the young man from a balcony on Lafayette Street. They had him perched on the rim of a rumble seat. The sun shone on a touseled yellow head and the crowd cried "Lindy! Lindy!" as if each every individual heart would break. And that would have been a pity, since the neutral pilot had not yet arrived at his discovery of an artificial substitute. They tell me it is built along the same lines as an airplane motor.

The Colonel is still a better aviator than orator and he has forgotten the useful words of Wilbur Wright, who said the parrot was the worst of flying birds because it talked too much. The voice of Charles A. Lindbergh Jr. seems to me a little on the stuffy side, but his phrases are neatly ordered. In fact any listener might well be pardoned a lively curiosity as to the identity of the establishment in which the cloth is cut. Reverting to the brave old Le Bourget days, I wonder whose pajamas Lindy has borrowed now. The last time, as you may remember, it was from our ambassador to France.

The romantic saga of "the flying fool" has been successfully revived and once again there are groups which ecstacize themselves with the cry of "Lindy! Lindy!" Jingoism is not confined to mongerers for war. And to my surprise and horror I have found that there is a distinct possibility of such a thing as pacifist imperialism. In my opinion, Colonel Lindbergh is the leader of this front. We are told, quite truthfully, that if we should go into the war our democratic institutions might well be sacrificed.

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Accurately enough, it is pointed out that under the pressure of need for national solidarity civil liberties, trade unionism and every sort of progressive legislation might well go down the sluiceway. To this I say "Amen."

But let us not delude ourselves that we are wholly safe from the ravages of Fascist ideology by remaining out of the conflict. The theory of the superstate might sneak up on us. Even now one may detect a stirring in the tall grasses as if snipers crept forward on their bellies. The surprise attack and the bloodless, or comparatively bloodless, Putsch is distinctly possible. Lindbergh's second radio address seemed to me to bear a close relationship to many of Hitler's pre-Poland speeches. Surely he did suggest that Canada should accept a benevolent protectorate under the sphere of American influence. It seems that we must defend our Sudetens across the long unfortified boundary.

And no sooner was Lindbergh done than Lundeen, another man of peace, made the open suggestion that we should rape the West Indies and collect the British war debt in pounds of flesh. Seemingly the Middle Western "progressive" never stopped to ask whether Jamaica, Nassau, Barbadoes and the rest would welcome our stepping in. After all it might be a little difficult for us to obtain a character from either Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands.

But the strangest thing of all is that the well organized pacifist groups of America should come to the defense of Lindbergh merely because he professes to speak for peace. Seemingly none of the spokesmen of the societies opposed to force has taken the time to analyze the core of the Colonel's proposals and detect the obvious belligerency of his attitude. A creeping imperialism may be just as dangerous to our national ideals as a frank and open jingoistic adventure. The idea of "annexing Canada" could cause as many casualties as any effort to send an expeditionary force to Flanders.

I honestly believe that our greatest danger lies in heeding the jingoes who come forward camouflaged as doves. It is silly to attempt prophecy as to the future, but I think American opinion is already solidly set against sending any of our own to die abroad. The very intensity of this opinion has made the flank attack possible. We are being subtly urged to copy the philosophy of Pan Germanism. And this is being sold to us as insurance for peace. It is a doctrine readily swallowed once we go in strongly for the notion that we alone are blessed and other peoples the scum of the earth. "Let them stew in their own juice" is not a slogan for the promotion of universal fellowship and lasting peace.

In the development of an exaggerated idea of our own virtues lies the threat of the growth of that nationalistic feeling which is the prelude to fascism. Like the Reich of today we may begin to think that whenever we cross a border we are conferring benefits rather than committing an act of aggression. In the early days of the Philippine adventure the soldiers used to sing a song which ran, "Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos, Knock-kneed bleary-eyed ladrones, Underneath the starry flag, Civilize them with a Krag, and return us to our own beloved homes."

I hear that melody again. By all means let us keep out of war, but let us not delude ourselves that by this action we become the salt of the earth and the necessary nation fit to season all the earth. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

When Will We Fight?

THE MOST NEARLY REALISTIC TALK I have heard about the road to war comes from the military experts of various nationalities stationed here. With the relatively vast sums that have been voted to the War and Navy Departments, most Americans, especially members of Congress, suppose that we are close to military preparedness. This the experts rudely deny. We have the world's second-greatest navy, but, from an ordnance officer's viewpoint, our air force and army are not far from the boy-scout stage. If, in a moment of lunacy, Congress were to declare war on Hitler, there could be no American soldiers in France for at least a year, perhaps longer. They would have nothing to fight with but their fists.

Under the War Department's existing program, we are to be prepared not for overseas adventures, but for the defense of our own continental territory, by June 30, 1941, or twenty months in the future. By then, we shall have a formidable army air force of about 5,250 planes, and a field army, or IPF (initial protective force), of 400,000 regular troops and National Guardsmen. The War Department is expected to ask Congress at the next session to increase the IPF, but 400,000 is the number now authorized.

Experts say that, even in the event of war, it would not be easy to hurry up this program. Airplanes could be obtained by commandeering the plant facilities that are now, in anticipation of the repeal of the arms embargo, being devoted to English and French orders. Were there any likelihood of that happening, the experts add, the Allies would send propagandists to try to keep us out of war.

Of the $280,000,000 given the War Department for preparedness at the last session, $110,0000,000 is allotted to the IPF. It is not nearly enough. For example, the War Department has developed an excellent automatic rifle, the Garand. The Department's arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, has so far turned out 17,000 of them. A few days ago, the Winchester company was awarded an $8,710,000 contract for 65,000, to be delivered by June, 1941. By then, the Springfield arsenal will have furnished perhaps 50,000 more. This gives a total of about 135,000. In the IPF of 400,000 men, one-third, or about 135,000, will be infantry; each man will be able to have a Garand. But if anyone loses his weapon, he will have to wait, like a Polish conscript, for a comrade to be killed or wounded before he can fight again.

Apparently much the same story can be told about tanks. The Rock Island, Illinois, arsenal has built a few. Recently a $6,000,000 contract was awarded the American Car and Foundry Company for 329 others. The number of tanks with which the IPF is to be equipped is a military secret. One expert remarked, however, that by June, 1941, the army will have just enough tanks to hold its first realistic maneuvers. According to several of the experts, to provide the IPF with equipment of all kinds would require, at American prices, not $110,000,000, but more nearly $1,000,000,000.

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Don't conclude from all this, however, that the experts think the isolationist Senators are wrong, and there is little chance of our being dragged into the war. On the contrary, from their discussions there emerges a terrifying formula by which, if anyone had knowledge enough to apply it, he could foretell almost to a month when a new AEF will depart for France, or at least when only the stoutest efforts of Americans against Allied propaganda can prevent it.

This formula depends on the ratio that all ordnance officers know ought to exist between fighting men at the front and factory workers at home. In Germany, the ideal ratio, or something close to it, has been achieved. There are precisely enough workers in the German munitions industry to supply the troops in the field, precisely enough troops to consume the munitions that are being produced—or so the experts say.

The ideal ratio has been achieved in neither England nor France. Both countries have called up more men than they supply with arms, especially airplanes. A few days ago in France, General Gamelin sent two of the oldest classes of reserves back to the factories. What the Allies want, and want desperately, are not more troops in line, but more workers producing munitions. With the repeal of the arms embargo, we shall be able to give them workers, specifically the extremely skilled workers in airplane factories. Look at it this way, say the experts. Suppose the United States had, in fact, declared war on Hitler. What would General Gamelin demand of Mr. Roosevelt, men or airplanes? He would demand airplanes, which is exactly what he will get with the embargo's repeal.

In the 1914-18 war, the experts point out, almost the same situation obtained. The Allies needed munitions to supply their combat troops. All through 1915 they labored to create munitions industries in their own countries and America. Sometime in 1916 the job was done, and the supply of munitions was flowing smoothly from England, France and the United States to the front. Then came a moment when the supply of munitions, at least potentially, was greater than the consumption—to use the cold, terrifying words of the experts. At that moment, the pressure of the Allies upon Mr. Wilson began. When, late in 1917, American soldiers went to France, they went to consume Allied munitions. Upon British orders, the American munitions industry was turning out Enfield rifles faster than British reserves could be recruited to use them. Our men carried Britain's Enfields. The French were manufacturing 75's faster than new artillery regiments were being formed. Our men fired French 75's.

No one knows enough, the experts say, to predict the course of the present war. Certainly weapons are now industrially more complex; the proportion of men who must stay at home in the factories is many times greater. It is conceivable that the Allies will want only munitions from us. But if, to supply a greatly increased IPF of our own while simultaneously fulfilling Allied orders, we permit a vast munitions industry to be created here, we shall need to watch out. If once the total Allied and American flow of munitions becomes greater than the capacity of the Allied troops in the field to use them, then—according to the experts' formula—the propagandist pressure on us to join the war will grow intense.

As these Notes are written, the administration, through the TNEC, is engaged in a dramatic fight to keep down the price of steel. Mr. Weir, of National Steel, has already proclaimed war. It is hoped here that Mr. Stettinius, of U. S. Steel, will decide for peace. If the administration is successful, it will have invented in the TNEC a unique instrument for the rough-and-ready control of our economic system. If it loses, the war boom may start in earnest.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Hurray for War Profits!

THINGS LOOKED MUCH BRIGHTER this week. The war news was bad enough to make us all feel good. The disasters to the English on the sea sent a thrill of hope through those who are gambling on a long war. The market shot up several points, regaining the losses it suffered when it looked as if some public enemy might do something to make peace a possibility. Happily all is well again. Mr. Tom Girdler promises continued improvement in steel; he tells us nothing can interrupt recovery but peace and that there is no chance of that now. Beautiful optimism!

Moving about the country tributary to our steel empire one finds conflicting emotions stirring in the breasts of business men. They seem quite sincere in their feeling that war will cripple them. However, one finds that many of them think this crippling will come after the war. The immediate effect might be stimulating. And, with so much idle capacity, this immediate benefit is alluring.

"Our industries in this section," says an Illinois (Danville) observer, "have suffered for seven years. Now why should we not take advantage of this situation to pull ourselves up out of the depression. Maybe that's all we need." There are "a lot of enterprises in Milwaukee and vicinity," says another business man, "which are well adapted to shifting over to war orders. If the orders are available why turn them down? We sure need the business."

In Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, another man asks me: "Are we not in danger of losing a large number of our skilled trades and craftsmen to Canada? Canada is going to take this business if we do not. She will take our skilled workers and we are already feeling the need of men in this line." Is it not better to have them go to Canada to jobs, I ask, than to France to be shot? But he thinks that's just a smart answer.

In fact all through the northern country there is an uneasiness about the flight of industry to Canada. England cannot rely on the United States any more. Therefore she is going to develop Canada as her arsenal and commissary in case of war. And of course Canada will compete with us in peacetime. We are setting up a dangerous rival in Canada, they say. This attitude is quite general.

In fact all sorts of arguments are being invented to support the appetite for a little business out of this war. It is surprising with what avidity all sorts of people, even isolationists, snapped at the point that the embargo act was going

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to wreck the American merchant marine. One business man became quite excited at the prospect of destroying our merchant marine by passing a law which prevents them from carrying cargoes. Also he thought that if we wanted to be logically neutral we should embargo grain as well as arms and, he reasoned, of course if we did not embargo grain we should embargo nothing. He ignored quite peacefully the point that if we yield so readily to the clamor of a handful of shipowners to dilute the shipping provisions of the Neutrality Act, what would we do if we attempted to embargo grain and the farmers all set up a chorus of protest at once? The truth is that underneath the piety of business men and farmers and workers for strict neutrality and for heeding the lessons of history there are the gnawings of hunger for some of those billions of business which are tempting us.

Chicago grain dealers are a little taken aback by the failure of England to buy wheat on the scale anticipated. Some farmers feel positively hurt by this. After all, war was supposed to touch off the old prosperity on the prairies. Out in Iowa farmers began buying more acreage. The farm banks reported the largest sale of farm acreage in a single month since the good old days. But yet wheat is not moving Europeward any faster than last year, if as fast.

The trouble seems to be that England has been buying her wheat where it would do Germany the most harm. She has been gathering in those supplies which Germany has access to—the Argentine and Rumania. This means, in turn, that she has not been buying as much from the United States and Canada. It just looks as if no one would fight the war according to the well known rules.

I find among conservative groups a phenomenon which is worth noting. It is that while there is a growing feeling against the use of deficit financing for recovery or relief purposes, there is a very strong feeling in favor of spending money for national defense, despite the fact that it must be done with borrowed funds.

The object of deficit financing may be twofold. One is to meet the expenditures of the government without resort to taxes. The other is, by the very process of borrowing, to flood the economic system with purchasing power. Up to now the latter reason has been the popular one. And conservative groups have grumbled in their beards. But now the expenditures seem to them desirable in themselves. The conservative element has always been the big army and navy bulwark. It is interested in its property. It lives in fear of attacks from within and without on its possessions.

But, in this case, this works in favor of continued borrowing, which is the thing the President is interested in. If the conservative objectors to deficits do not like the WPA, very well, he will give them what they like—battleships, armies. He will create an industry for them: the armament industry, which henceforth is to become one of the props of our national economy. A short time ago the liberals were trying to invent some reasons for further support of government deficits. But now the President has found one which the tory elements will applaud. It remains to be seen how the liberals will like, under the leadership of their new Messiah, what they have always denounced.

JOHN T. FLYNN

New and Old

Skylark, by Samson Raphaelson. Morosco Theatre, October 11, 1939.
The Man Who Came to Dinner, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. The Music Box. October 16, 1939.
Three Sisters, an acting version of Chekhov's play, by Samuel Rosen, from an original translation by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Longacre Theatre, October 14, 1939.

PEOPLE who are willing to take Miss Gertrude Lawrence on any terms—meaning the charm she may have for them as they watch her on the stage—will do well enough to go and see "Skylark." The play deals with an ambitious youngish business man and his wife and competitions, plus two more acts, that is to say Act II and Act III—let it all slip through a straw. Miss Lawrence's performance could be studied by some firm director and friend for a better emphasis where that is needed; otherwise it is most agreeable. Mr. Glenn Anders, as an unanchored, disturbing philanderer, with his own private boredoms, gives one of those well thought-out performances of his that are among the genuine pleasures of our Broadway theatre.

Even divorced from its omnipresent protagonist, Mr. Monty Woolley, this new Kaufman-Hart play of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" would be full of wit, surprise and a kind of journalism, as it were, in Americana. As the story of a popular idol among radio lecturers, his extravagances of temper and habits, his tyrannies, vanities and contacts of all sorts, this play, obviously, can afford a great variety of colors and motifs and move through these to a bubbling satire on our ways of life. Only by telling the story at some length, however, could the idea of it be shown; and we have not space for that. I will note merely that the mounting freshness of the patter, emotional reactions and character-drawing in the first act fills the whole theatre with laughter, acid fumes and really native entertainment. The transplanting of the Lizzie Borden murderess-motif to Ohio with the faded, dreaming poetess, sister to the host of the lecturer, who by the discovery blackmails the play to his own ends, brightens the ironic farcicality of the dénouement and is in itself a stroke of genius in the use of motley legend.

All this Mr. Woolley's performance rockets into something yet again. He adds above everything a distinction and an inexhaustible appreciation of point after point, whatever point arises, and of the character's relish for his own private life, come weal come woe. He reads with faultless attack, not a shading lost, so far as I could tell, in the entire role, lengthy as it is. He has the whole sum and conception of the part so completely in hand as to redouble the zest and the quick of it, both for himself and for us. And meanwhile it is interesting to see the extent to which he follows the presentational method at times, straight out-and-out presentation, as contrasted with the representation that most of our acting nowadays is set to follow—a technical matter that Broadway sadly needs to think about.

Since it is general knowledge that the hero of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" is built around Mr. Alexander Woollcott, I see no harm to anything or anybody in suggesting that some of the qualities in this stage character might be further extended along the lines true to the origi-

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nal in life. I mean that, granted many of the entertaining but semi-dubious, semi-commendable—however you want to say it—traits and ways shown in the play, the fact remains that many a one of these is only the defect of some excellence and by no means excludes its obverse—not that I want to be heavy-handed about it. I may at least cite a few of these traits: for instance a kind of vivid generosity; an infectious enthusiasm; a communicable violence among his loyalties; a talent for affection; impulses that are human, shrewd, precarious, rich, as the case may be, but at any rate are full; a power as it were to scatter life around him; and so on and so on, matters long since known. To have put something more of this into the play would have deepened its content. At the same time, of course, it would have lessened the satire by giving more basis for the public's devotion to this radio hero. As satirical farce the play would lose by that. As a whole, however, it would be just as hilarious and more lovable and more solid.

The production of Chekhov's play by the Surry Theatre, under the sponsorship of Mr. Dwight Deere Wiman, is one of those events in the theatre that the theatre can be very cruel to. The critics on the daily papers, following the exigencies of this particular art and the cold fact that people want to know what their evening at a theatre will be worth to them, condemned this production; indeed to a man they laid it low. They were quite right to do so.

Almost anything that may have been said would be indisputable; and there is, thus, no need for me to go into details as to why the whole event was such a failure.

There is another thing to be said though. Here we have a group of people who are intelligent, patient, hard-working; many of them could follow an easier line, with more money, more Hollywood, more fluff, duff and starriness. Among theatre companies of any sort you would rarely see one with so many good-looking people, not babydoll beauties, male and female, but people who very handsomely look like something. At the very start they are afflicted with the worst lighting I ever saw actors receive—as a matter of fact I thought for a long while that wholly stylized make-ups were intended, for I saw only puffs and slits for faces and eyes. These characters were dressed in costumes that were at one moment too dull for the military contrasts that Chekhov intended, and at another—Masha, for example, married to the schoolmaster, in her sweeping velvets—more splendid to themselves than dramatic to the situation. And to cap it all off, you had more or less permanent settings, a stenciled wall, and various levels to walk on and to make impossible the effect of a subconscious flow of movement that Chekhov intended. If the lighting makes a travesty for the actors—their eyes especially—and a nightmare especially for our eyes—and if the setting breaks up the pattern of exits and entrances into sheer dramatic fidgets, what chance is there for anything else?

There was at least a chance for the company to demonstrate their sincerity and labor; to exhibit a method of reading strangely founded on realism, concentrated emotion, inner tension, and staccato, self-conscious diaphragm, and calculated to knock the underlying truth out of many a speech. At the same time there was a good deal of beautiful feeling and some admirable reading, some poignant understanding, and a very genuine purity of approach. The translation was cut very often as compared line by line with the whole text, but was far above the average in its fidelity to Chekhov and in its stage possibilities—a great advance over the usual English versions of this play. STARK YOUNG

Mr. Capra Goes Someplace

FRANK CAPRA's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is going to be the big movie explosion of the year, and reviewers are going to think twice and think sourly before they'll want to put it down for the clumsy and irritating thing it is. It is a mixture of tough, factual patter about congressional cloakrooms and pressure groups, and a naïve but shameless hooraw for the American relic—Parson Weems at a flag-raising. It seems just the time for it, just the time of excitement when a barker in good voice could mount the tub, point toward the flag, say ubbuh-ubbah-ubbah and a pluribus union? and the windows would shake. But where all this time is Director Capra?

I'm afraid Mr. Capra began to leave this world at some point during the production of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," his best picture. Among those who admired him from the start I know only Alistair Cooke who called the turn when "Deeds" came out. Writing in England, Cooke confessed to "an uneasy feeling he's on his way out. He's started to make movies about themes instead of people." When "Lost Horizon" appeared, I thought our Mr. Capra was only out to lunch, but Cooke had it. "You Can't Take It with You" in the following year (1938) made it pretty evident that Capra had forgotten about people for good. He had found out about thought and was going up into the clouds to think some. From now on, his continued box-office triumph and the air up there being what they are, he is a sure thing to stay, banking checks, reading Variety and occasionally getting overcast and raining on us. Well, he was a great guy.

"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is the story of how a leader of Boy Rangers was sent to the Senate by the state political machine because he was popular, honest and dumb. Washington is a shrine to him. So as he gawps around lost for a whole day, throw in thousands of feet of what can only be called a montagasm, buildings, monuments, statues, immortal catch-phrases in stone. But before we go any farther, what's the payoff? It is that this priceless boy scout grew up as the son of a small-town editor so staunchly against the interests that they shot him for it under the boy's nose; after which he read American history so widely and fiercely that he knew the Constitution and the cherry tree by heart.

The story goes farther, of course, more than two hours' worth. The boy thinks he falls in love, and then falls in love without thinking so. From these personal relations he learns that he has been a chump. He starts a filibuster (the honest-man-in-court scene Capra has found so successful he won't be without it) in which he says some fine things for liberty and the better world. And it is so harrowing on all concerned that just after he passes out his colleague shoots himself, and the American way is straight again.

Politically, the story is eyewash. The machinery of the Senate and the machinery of how it may be used to advantage is shown better than it ever has been. But the main

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surviving idea is that one scout leader who knows the Gettysburg address by heart but wouldn't possibly be hired to mow your lawn can throw passionate faith into the balance and by God we've got a fine free country to live in again.

There are some fine lines and there is a whole magazine of nice types; but the occasional humor is dispersed and the people are embarrassed by just the slugging, unimaginative sort of direction that Capra became famous for avoiding. When the hero is supposed to be made innocent, they write him down an utter fool; when there is supposed to be evil, wickedness triumphs as slick as pushing a button. James Stewart was made fairly ridiculous; Jean Arthur couldn't be; Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell and Eugene Pallette also withstood all such assaults. Claude Rains for once was just right for the part, and Harry Carey was there, fine as ever. But it was everybody for himself, which is a hell of a state of things in movies. The only good sequence was the lovely bit where Miss Arthur and friend get very tight by degrees, and by degrees more reckless and tearful, until they weave up to tell little boy blue that somebody swiped his horn. This seems a case of winning by a lapse; it is like the old Capra, and pretty lonesome.

Ernst Lubitsch has had his ups and downs, since long Before Capra; but there is a thing amateur critics like to call the Lubitsch touch, and whatever that is, he hasn't lost it. His new comedy, "Ninotchka," started out with what any other comedy director would have ducked away from, a piece of light spoofing that starred Greta Garbo. Lubitsch never had the Capra magic of realizing every last detail as big and right as life; he goes more by steady competence and brilliant flashes. And so "Ninotchka" strikes a wrong note occasionally—nothing serious, but a thing for example like the movie-German accent of a Soviet envoy, or like the weight of too much stationary conversation. But the story gets there, its people are real enough, it has an overall radiance of pleasant but knowing wit.

There is a Soviet commission in Paris to sell some confiscated jewels of a Grand Duchess who also happens to be in Paris. The comrades are human but a bit too simple to be sent on a foreign mission. They are being fed cigarette girls and fast talk enough to imperil the state of the masses when an envoy arrives to supersede and check up on them, a very serious girl comrade with flat heels and no nonsense. That is Miss Garbo of course, and the combination of Paris in spring and Melvin Douglas in good form go to work on her with effects which make the balance of the story. Mr. Douglas becomes serious, Miss Garbo is faithful to her mission while blossoming like any girl in love under sordid capitalism, and Miss Ina Claire steps in to raise hell with everybody and give Garbo back to Moscow.

The humor is mostly in the meeting-of-East-and-West variety, no more harmful than Zostchenko, certainly as droll and possibly more up to date. It is the first movie with any airiness at all to discover that Communists are people and may be treated as such in a story. And Greta Garbo is the life of it. Barring the end—and no other was possible short of gloom—her confusion is human, her cause takes a salutary ribbing but is not disgraced. I found her more lovely in the straight-cut clothes of her first scenes than in the later "creations," for while I am strictly anti-nudist, I should say that a real and commanding beauty is clearest without clutter—all you need on the outside is a stretch of burlap and a bath. But this is comedy and good as such, Miss Garbo moving from the stern to the tipsy with no more effort and no less dignity than she ever showed. Compare hers with the strenuous if veteran performance of Ina Claire, and you will see by contrast something of a natural style in acting which may take hard work to perfect, but never looks like it.

Outside of Lubitsch with the no doubt coördinating touch, this is no one person's triumph—as no one picture should be. It is barbed wire on some aspects of modern life, sometimes with a dry point that is exquisite—the May Day marchers and the solid solemn ranks of Stalin posters. But it is mainly a gay affair, neither heavy with Thought nor absurd with venom; it is partly true and possibly beautiful, but it is certainly good. OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Money is one of the least important factors in happy marriage. It is handling the money, however little it might be, that causes unhappiness. – *The conclusion reached after surveys of marriage conducted over seven years by Dr. Leonard S. Cottrell Jr. of Cornell and Professor Ernest Watson Burgess of the University of Chicago, as reported in a Prentice-Hall press release.*

Nathan Jacobson of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, complained to the police that he was robbed of $800 while sleeping at the Association for the Improvement of the Poor. – *News item in The New York Times.*

Hear No, See No, Speak No Medieval

Russia threw her weight behind Adolf Hitler's peace gestures today in an editorial in the government newspaper Izvestia, accusing Great Britain and France of "returning to the Middle Ages" by waging war to "exterminate Hitlerism." – *News item in The Chicago Daily News.*

Hic Shemper Tyrannus

From the harbor came the sound of reveille of the British navy. Dozens of bugles were playing somewhere or other the English hymn "God Shave the King." – *From a translation of the novel "Mistér Witt en el Cantón" by Ramón J. Sender.*

Stiff Upper Lip-Rouge

LONDON LIFE—UNDER ARMS. British Vogue carries on. – *Head and subhead in Vogue.*

It's Not the Heat, It's the Cupidity

Turkey asserts Russia's Dardanelles demands threaten her security. Both insist they are still warm friends. – *From a heading in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Report on Montreal

SIR: It is obvious that any attack on this continent from Europe is likely to come by the St. Lawrence Valley. There are even now rumors of submarines off Halifax, and swastika-marked planes over Nova Scotia. On solid land, the United States is pushing new roads to the Canadian border. Plans are being made for defending Canada, if necessary. Our frontier is on the St. Lawrence, and Montreal is the head of navigation to Europe.

What Montreal thinks about the war and American participation may become important. What it thinks now is hard to determine, for it is divided not only into French and English, but the French range in opinion from the isolation stand of Paul Gouin to a few who favor "pitching in now."

In general it may be said that enthusiasm for the war varies in direct proportion to English blood. The "garrison crowd" see this as their chance to go through to Berlin "as we ought to have done last time." But there has been little whipping up of patriotism, no big parades and martial music. One of the Scottish regiments went to church this morning with bagpipes playing them in; recruits in sweaters and odd jackets mingled with men in kilts. The young men who will have to do the fighting if an expeditionary force is sent feel they must go, but they are not eager. One of them said to me, "We've got to clean up the Nazis, but by God when we come back we'll clean up our own government."

An Englishman in his thirties said, "Chamberlain threw away the Czechs and the Russians, and I'd like to crucify Bonnet myself, but I shall enlist." A cockney workman said, "We have to fight because if the Germans beat England they will come over here, that's their idea." An English-Canadian woman, joining the Red Cross: "What we want here is truth and not so much propaganda. I think we are watching the end of the British Empire."

There are dissenting voices. An Irish scrubwoman: "It's the rich people making this war, and what do they care for us that gets killed. It's enough to make a person be one of these Reds." An English lawyer: "This is Europe's jam, not ours."

There is no distinction on the enlistment papers between home defense and overseas service. If a boy enlists he must go where he is sent. The French regiments are up to war strength by voluntary enlistment, though how much that represents love of country and how much wanting to be off relief no one can say. Unemployment here has been long and widespread. Mr. Lapointe undoubtedly speaks for his people when he opposes conscription. However, all the French-Canadians with whom I have talked are well represented by the elevator boy who said: "Ahh, if they want me to fight for them they will have to come and get me—and shoot me first," and the grocery boy who said, "Me enlist? Not me. Not my war." Until war was declared, the editorials in Illustration Nouvelle, Adrian Arcand's paper which has been called Premier Duplessis' organ, were definitely pro-Nazi.

It is not easy here for Americans who live in the English community. At mildest they meet remarks like, "Oh, why can't the States see that it's their fight now?" Some Americans living here feel the same way. One said, "We might as well go in now at the beginning, because we'll have to sooner or later, and we can be more effective now." Among those not of English blood, one finds the most desire for union with America. One Canadian of Scandinavian descent told me, "We ought to join with the States, and as fast as we can."

And finally, an anti-Nazi German warned me, "Now you can say what you like, people will try to understand America's position, but when the casualty lists begin to come in, all that you have said will be remembered against you, and much that you didn't say."

Montreal, Canada JOHN JONES

Whose Stalin Do You Read?: II

SIR: May I join your correspondent Mr. Avram Lasky in protesting Frederick L. Schuman's review [The New Republic, October 4] of Souvarine's "Stalin"? Unlike Mr. Lasky I do not feel qualified to pass judgment on the validity of Souvarine's arguments—which is the reason why I hoped for some enlightenment from Mr. Schuman. Instead, I found an Ernie Pyle travelogue, mixed up with unimportant jibes at Souvarine's more personal attacks on Stalin; in short, a review that simply concentrated on incidentals and ignored all that was of real importance. If the book is really as bad as Mr. Schuman thinks it is, surely you have a reviewer who could tell us why?

New York City NIGEL DENNIS

SIR: I do not want the editors to think I spend all my time grousing about every article I read. But when something whacking good, like a John Chamberlain review, appears I like to consider it—perhaps delusively—the ordinary standard of New Republic writing and do not bother to write you my appreciation every time—or ever. But when something so fulsomely gross as Schuman's double-barreled Russian nightmare flops across your columns, my sense of justice compels me to object.

Mr. Schuman's previous commitments hardly qualify him to review two such controversial volumes as the ones assigned him by your editors. Moreover, I cannot see, by his previous training or writing, where Mr. Schuman qualifies as an authority on Bolshevik history or Russian contemporary "politics." And if any evidence was required to confirm my fears, those reviews in last week's New Republic left nothing lacking.

Instead of devoting critical attention to a lengthy and serious indictment of the Stalin regime, Schuman dismisses the attack with a flippant and snobbish capriciousness, condemning a few superficial exaggerations without meeting or even mentioning the author's main analysis of the Bolshevik regime. His subservient rendering, on the other hand, of the official party history was, to a critical reader, simply contemptible.

For years now The New Republic, by a sharp analysis of the causes of the last war, has led the field in formulating a neutrality program for America to adopt in the event of another European conflict. Now that the fact is upon us, The New Republic has begun to scurry and take cover.

If the United States is not to become involved in this war, it is essential that we build up no domestic prosperity here that depends for its continuance on the war markets in Europe.

The New Republic might come out strongly, in fact it should devote a special supplement to the domestic economic readjustment that will be necessary to keep our industrial production at a high level and ensure American markets for our products in lieu of foreign war markets. According to the position you have taken the last five years, that should be our crucial problem. Yet a month of war has now passed without a word on the subject.

The tone of last week's editorials seemed to indicate a sad drift—greater interest in saving the British than in saving peace in America. If The New Republic still believes in saving Amer-

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ica first, it should implement that desire by courageously facing the problems that long-range neutrality involves and to use its influence accordingly. Let your position not be unduly influenced by the impetuousness you fear in the American masses. There is a great deal of skepticism among us about the war in general and the American people will not whoop up the war cry unless their leaders do it first.

Princeton, N. J. MILTON J. ESMAN

SIR: Frederick L. Schuman's last paragraph strikes me as the best judgment yet upon the events of the past six weeks in Europe. I feel a bit silly now to have been so surprised at the Russo-German pact. Don't you?

Monmouth, Ore. E. F. BARROWS

Shall We Win the Peace?

SIR: Just as there is only one genuine motive behind the demand for the repeal of the arms embargo—the desire to aid England and France, so there is only one issue. Can the United States maintain its own democracy, defend this hemisphere against aggression and coöperate in the cause of world peace unless it engages in the kind of international conduct that depends upon, is enforced by, and ultimately leads to, war? It isn't necessary to guess the outcome of the present war to get this issue clear. The proponents of repeal are saying just one thing: our first-line trenches are on the Rhine; we have got to fight for democracy and fight Europe's way.

Somehow, it doesn't sound like good common sense. Nobody believes that we can save democracy in Europe; everyone knows that we shall come out with a wrecked economy and a totalitarian state. Just how are we to ensure a just peace when England and France are what they are and we can't even get them to state their aims? Is it sensible to sacrifice all that we might gain even now by tackling our internal problems, strengthening the bonds of neighborliness on this hemisphere and learning new ways of peace, for the hypothetical insurance of Britain's navy, however friendly and strong?

America could have a genuine stake in this war. We could stay out of the fight to get in on the peace. That's what the embargo stands for, and as such might be the symbol of our true destiny. But elder statesmen, preachers, college presidents and editorial writers have willed otherwise.

New York City GEORGE BEISWANGER

Not All the Ukrainians . . .

SIR: Your readers may have received an erroneous impression about the Ukrainian independence movement when they read the report of a recent hearing before the Dies Committee at which Nazi activities among the Ukrainian immigrants in America were described.

There are probably more than three quarters of a million Ukrainians in America, for the most part industrial workers, and nearly three hundred thousand in the Canadian provinces, the majority of them engaged in agriculture. They came to America mostly from the Ukrainian territories which before 1914 belonged to the Austro-Hungarian empire and which at the end of the Great War were conquered by the Polish army and annexed to Poland. This is to a large extent the land occupied by the USSR and semi-officially called the New Ukraine.

It is a fact that only a very small number, chiefly among the younger people, who arrived here after the war, were affected by the work of Nazi agents and of a few foolish and overambitious leaders who are entirely the products of the Great War demoralization. Many of these Ukrainian Nazis, if we should call them so, openly denounced Hitler for the suppression of liberties of Germany and for the conquest of Czecho-Slovakia, but they hoped that he would disrupt the Polish and the Russian empires so that the Ukraine would be free again. When told that a German conquest of the Ukraine might subsequently ensue, they would answer that after the Polish and the Tsarist domination, nothing worse could happen. The great majority of American and Canadian Ukrainians and their organizations have nothing to do with this propaganda. Had the Polish government been compelled to observe the treaty of minorities, and had it kept the solemn promise to grant autonomy to the Polish Ukraine, Nazi agents would not have been able to compromise the good name of Ukrainians before the government and the people of the United States.

However, if some Ukrainians are confused about the foreign affairs and the international situation in Europe, so are also some natives of America.

MIROSLAV SICHINSKY
President, the Ukrainian Workingmen's Association

Scranton, Pa.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Mrs. T. Milton sends us a clipping from the never failing Chicago Tribune, a letter from a young Englishwoman to a friend in this country. The letter is long and instructive. It seems the evacués now being billeted on England's stately homes are unappreciative and a beastly nuisance to Mummy, who really laid herself out to make them feel they were just as good as she was. And so many other cases where the former slum dwellers go around not being decently grateful and positively crawling with *vermin* and Mummy says actually they seem to think that they're just there to enjoy life! We sympathize with the difficulties of people who have strangers peremptorily crowded into their home life. We hope Mummy and her friends don't have a tribe of Fuzzie Wuzzies billeted on them for good. . . . Christian Social Action of Detroit announces its change of name from the Christian Front, because "the old name was stolen and disgraced" by a Coughlin group. CSA is apparently ready to start a lively campaign against the wrong type of Christians. . . . The Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, needs say nothing more to those who can hear than that there are still 182,000 Spanish refugees in France.

Mrs. Evelyn Morneweck of Detroit finds Mme. Tabouis [The New Republic, October 18] rather off base in describing what Hitler said in secret conference with Ciano and von Ribbentrop. "Which of the three gave out this information? The statement has all the earmarks of outright invention, Mr. Editor, and I don't think The New Republic wants that sort of stuff. I know your readers don't." And Manöel Foucher writes from Piedmont, California, "as a Frenchman who has resided two months in your country." He also says Mme. Tabouis must have a crystal ball. "A diplomatic journalist may attempt to pierce the secrecy of these conferences [*i. e.*, such as the one described above]. But to present the supposed content in the form of words placed in the very mouths of their formidable authors is to overstep the limits of decent information." He says it is true that Mme. Tabouis used to be a reliable journalist. Now her wish is father to her thought. . . . Kirby Page (Box 247, La Habra, California) has a new book coming out on "How to Keep America Out of War" which is being published cooperatively by seven peace agencies. The idea is that although one copy costs 15 cents (12 for $1), "the sale of 34 copies will provide the cost of 100 copies ($5 by hundred lot), the balance of which may be distributed free where they will do the most good." (Incidentally, consignments of 50 or more copies will be sent to forums, etc., without cash in advance, with returns deductible.) As Mr. Page points out, now is a good time to stay out of war.

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Heretics

Arthur Rimbaud, by Enid Starkie. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 425 pages. $3.75.
D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow, by William York Tindall. New York: The Columbia University Press. 247 pages. $2.75.

A COMPARISON OF THESE TWO BOOKS proves very clearly the impossibility of writing about someone you dislike. Miss Starkie is just as critical of her subject as Mr. Tindall is of his—she whitewashes nothing—but she loves Rimbaud and he does not love Lawrence. Pascal regarded Montaigne as an enemy, but he recognized his greatness; whereas when one has finished reading Mr. Tindall, one feels: "If that is all that Lawrence was, why bother to write a whole book about him?"

It is not that Mr. Tindall's remarks are unjust or untrue; they are acute as far as they go, but nowhere does he give any sign of recognizing that Lawrence was not only, like thousands of others, a neurotic, but also a uniquely gifted writer who owes his influence for good or evil to his gift. It is significant that Mr. Tindall concentrates on the novels and philosophical works, pays a grudging tribute to the travel books but does not discuss them, and ignores completely the poems and short stories, which are Lawrence's best work. Lawrence thought of himself primarily as a poet, and said that he wrote the novels mainly for money. One may reasonably argue that, gifted or not, he was a heretic whose pernicious influence must be destroyed, but any study of heresy requires a definition of orthodoxy, and on that subject Mr. Tindall is reticent; the most that emerges is a sort of nineteenth-century liberal rationalism, which is by now a very vulnerable position.

Miss Starkie's interest in Rimbaud as a poet makes such a statement on her part less necessary, but as a matter of fact it emerges far more clearly. Her general thesis, though elaborated with all the detailed scholarship which her study of Baudelaire has led one to expect from her, is simple: Rimbaud conceived of the poet as a pure *voyant*, and of poetry as a mystical exercise through which he could become God. When he realized that, however far one may push the disorganization of the senses, the self cannot be eliminated from the creative act, he abandoned writing and attempted self-annihilation by leading what he imagined to be the "ordinary" life, but his idea of this was as extravagant as his previous overvaluation of poetry. Miss Starkie brings out very clearly the pathetic inefficiency of his later years; as a man of action he was a self-tortured failure, for no one can live by will alone.

Mr. Tindall sees Lawrence as a romantic irrationalist intent on the founding of a private religion, and condemns him for not separating his art from his beliefs. If we must have religion, he would rather it were kept in church where it can do no harm. I do not believe such a separation is possible. Lawrence's beliefs were certainly heretical, but so were the beliefs of the mechanistic science from which they were a reaction. Lawrence is artistically successful where they fail, and vice versa. No writer has been more illuminating about birds, beasts and flowers; few have been sillier about those areas of human life where conscious planning is necessary.

At any moment in history there always is an orthodoxy, *i. e.*, the sum of human knowledge forms an interdependent whole, but today the specialization of function inseparable from an industrialized society makes its conscious formulation extremely difficult. One method of approach is through a study of eccentric deviations, of their differences and resemblances: to such an approach Mr. Tindall will be useful but Miss Starkie indispensable.

Rimbaud and Lawrence have much in common. Both their mothers married beneath them, both had mother-fixations, both combined a personal messianic arrogance with attacking Christian individualism, both were attracted by Eastern mysticism and primitive peoples, both were inveterate wanderers. But there are significant differences. Rimbaud was born a Catholic in an anti-clerical country at a time when dogmatic scientific materialism was still unchallenged; Lawrence was born a non-conformist, and, by the time he reached maturity, science had abandoned all claim to give an objective picture of reality. While Rimbaud went from extreme individualism, a belief in poetry and a mystic technique, to an extreme collectivism and a belief in engineering and textbooks, from the Cabala to Comte, Lawrence changed essentially little during his life. To understand either, one must see them as sensitive individuals in an atomized industrial society, seeking an orthodoxy, a universally valid faith. Their protest against the atomization is linked to a belief that science was responsible.

When the Catholic world picture was replaced by the Protestant, science took over the public worlds of neutral matter, and art and religion the individual private worlds of value and emotion. However much they might grumble, the early romantics were really content enough; they had their worlds to themselves. But by Rimbaud's time both worlds were already overpopulated and demanding *Lebensraum*. Science, biology in particular, was invading art and religion, and the rhetorical romanticism of de Musset was no longer possible. Poetry was being pushed closer and closer toward the dark corner of the unconscious where, since expression is a conscious activity, it would be impossible to write. Unless an *Anschluss* of the two worlds took place which would enable men to "enjoy truth in one body and soul," art must perish. Rimbaud saw this and gave up art for activism; Verlaine did not, and I think that this was the basic reason which made their marriage impossible.

But just when its complete victory seemed assured, science voluntarily retreated. Hitherto it had confidently affirmed that its truth was objectively real and independent of all considerations of human value and feeling. Now it came more and more to regard its statements not as eternal truths but as "as if" conveniences for organizing its experience. In his extremely important Harvard lectures, recently published under the title, "The Place of Value in a World of Fact," Professor Köhler has a dream encounter with a modern physicist:

"What is an electron?" he asks.

"A volume of space that resists the approach of more electrons and attracts protons."

"What is a proton?"

"A volume of space that resists the approach of more protons and attracts electrons."

"But what is in these volumes?"

"I could not tell you. Nobody knows."

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This is worse than Henry James dialogue. And on every part the attack on objectivity has been carried on, by the Marxists, by the psychoanalysts, by the anthropologists.

Encouraged by this, the poets recovered their nerve. In a curious way the relative positions of poetry and science became reversed; now it was the scientists who showed the caution and self-criticism of Mathew Arnold, while the poets displayed all the dogmatic self-confidence, the *concupiscence d'ésprit* of T. H. Huxley. Lawrence, striking his solar plexus as someone tried to explain to him the Copernican theory, and crying, "But I don't feel it here," is typical of the new attitude. So is modern political propaganda. Works like "A Fantasia of the Unconscious" or Yeats's "A Vision" are not humble attempts at private myths, but are designed as the new and only science. Seeing the abuses of our civilization and ascribing them, quite wrongly, to science, they imagine at the same time that science has rejected itself and given its blessing to a nihilistic subjectivism. This is untrue. Modern science is becoming more and more isomorphic: it sees the subject-object relation as an indissoluble unity. If the nature of the subject determines its perception of the object, the nature of the subject is equally determined by the existence of the object. The formulation of truth can never be absolute, but neither is truth nonexistent nor anything we like to make it.

In his essays on Wagner and Freud, Thomas Mann points out that a backward looking toward the night, the folk-soul, death, can be not only reactionary but also an indispensable preparation for a new step forward. The effect of this attraction depends upon whether or not it is harnessed to a will to serve enlightenment. Artists are always vulnerable to reaction because, unlike science, art has no objective practical end to control its excesses.

The only corrective for the artist lies within himself, not in his gift, which is neutral to reaction or progress, but in his self-knowledge of his weaknesses and the abdication of the desire to avenge them. Goethe was the last individual to attempt to formulate an orthodoxy, to effect a synthesis of human knowledge. Today such a thing is impossible: it is idle to suppose that the dialects of the various specialists will ever coalesce into a common tongue, but we shall not despair if we realize that they are all only different angles of approach to the same single field, and that among these techniques art has a responsible and not unimportant place.

W. H. AUDEN

Books in Review

Depression Is Here to Stay

Dividends to Pay, by E. D. Kennedy. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 305 pages. $2.50.

WINTER BEFORE LAST, the editors of Fortune, the Boys' Life of Business, began to mix a dash of solemn and self-confessed editorializing in among the success stories that had somehow passed as straight reporting right through the depression. Fortune had at last deserted Mr. Hoover's still-fundamentally-sound formula; something, by God, *was* wrong with Business; and Fortune, in a firm but fatherly way, was going to tell Business what and why. Well, it turned out—you'll never guess it—that the chief thing that was wrong was that Business had lost Confidence, and the chief reason Business had lost Confidence was that Government (in grudging caps) had been downright mean to Business recently, and the chief thing that was needed to set wheels turning and tapes ticking was for both B. and G. to quit quarreling and go happily to bed together. A profound and novel analysis it was.

Kicking around Mr. Luce's expensive plant at that time was a young man who might have told the editors of Fortune a few things about what was wrong with business and why—if they had asked him. For several years he had written most of the financial section of Time. He had then gone over to Fortune and worked himself ragged writing a series of corporation stories so incisive and so packed with insight into industrial and financial practices that they make most of the other corporation stories Fortune has published, before or since, look like themes written by college freshmen majoring in English and minoring in Economics.

The young man's name was E. D. Kennedy. He has recently put into an exciting book the answers to the questions that the editors of Fortune never asked him. And since Mr. Kennedy, though he is no longer one of Mr. Luce's employees, got a large part of his information and understanding while he was, I feel that I am not stretching sources too far in calling "Dividends to Pay" far and away the finest piece of work that has ever come out of Time, Inc.

Mr. Kennedy starts off with a very simple lesson in the mathematics of statistics, as applied to the so-called prosperity of the twenties. In fact the lesson is so simple that you can't help wondering, with a tinge of suspicion, why no other analyst of the boom ever thought of doing what Mr. Kennedy does. He takes the United States Treasury figures for total net income of all corporations from 1925 through 1929—those gradually increasing sums-in-the-billions which were supposed to prove that business was getting better and better—and he breaks them down into two parts. On one side he puts the thousand-odd corporations at the top of the heap, the companies that were making a million or more dollars a year. For them, business was indeed getting better from 1925 through 1929. But it turns out that, for the 400,000-odd corporations at the other end of the stick, business was getting worse and worse. For them, taken as a group, the slump began not in 1930 but in 1926. And they included 99.7 percent of all the corporations involved in maintaining our "fundamentally sound" economy.

Carrying his breakdown into the depression period, Mr. Kennedy shows that the big boys never had a real depression. As a group, they made money even in 1932. From 1930 through 1935, they actually piled up nine billion dollars in profits. Moreover, since the total figures for *all*

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corporations show a net deficit of eight billion dollars for that period, the fact is that the 400,000-odd smaller fry, meaning 99.7 percent of American corporations, lost not just a part of eight billion dollars nor all of eight billion dollars but *seventeen* billion dollars in six years.

Thus, from the industrial angle, both "prosperity" and depression were so lopsided that neither term retains any meaning. For 399 out of every 400 U. S. corporations, taken en masse, the boom stopped being a boom before it ever got started. For the very few big money-makers, the depression has only been a dip in their unbroken chart-line of net profits. (And incidentally, Mr. Kennedy neatly and statistically disposes of the old chestnut about corporate dividends being widely distributed among the peepul.) As Mr. Kennedy puts it, the handful of companies at the top made, and continue to make, their profits at the expense of the vast remainder of American business. He goes on from there.

With primer-like clarity and with countless names and specific examples, he shows how the big companies operate outside the supposedly competitive system; how they keep their prices high, regardless of costs or competitors, in safe defiance of the laws of the United States and of classical economics. He shows how the constant reinvestment of enormous profits and the concurrent neglect of wages, from which spring mass purchasing power, cannot help but lead to a diminishing return on the growing investment and a consequent slowing up of the whole economic machine. Those professional economists who scoff at the idea that underconsumption can cause depression or that the relation between profits and wages can seriously affect the business cycle—on the general theory that the money goes round and round and it comes out somewhere—would do well to read Mr. Kennedy's brilliant chapter on General Motors, and ponder it.

The book ends with an uncomfortably convincing prediction that the big industrialist, grown accustomed to a contracting economy and no longer looking for a new boom around the corner, will perforce become increasingly anti-social, in both his business and political habits—simply because he has his dividends to pay. Mr. Kennedy suggests no panacea. He rejects as naïve the old notion of making-little-ones-out-of-big-ones; he discards, a bit too summarily, the newer notion of leaving them big but regulating them strictly. And perhaps it is just as well that he has no apparent axe to grind, for it makes his analysis all the more devastating. I only wish that he had given to his book the beautiful blunt title of his last chapter, "Depression Is Our Normal State."

Mr. Kennedy, I suspect, is going to be widely quoted this winter. Even such strenuous efforts to play him down as Henry Hazlitt's strangely bitter review in the Sunday book section of The New York Times are not likely to achieve their purpose. Mr. Hazlitt, for instance, in trying desperately to discredit Mr. Kennedy's use of figures, tumbles into a mathematical error of his own so blatant that he only succeeds in discrediting himself.

Mr. Hazlitt grants that if the million-dollar-a-year companies were in fact taking profits away from the bulk of American business during the late twenties, that is indeed a startling discovery. But, says Mr. Hazlitt, the 1925-29 decline in profits of the less-than-million-dollar-a-year companies is undoubtedly accounted for by the fact that many smaller ones rose into the million-dollar-a-year category, so that their profits were "not only *added* to those in his million-dollar classification but *deducted* from those in his less-than-million-dollar group." Mr. Hazlitt spends a good half of his review, including a carefully rigged arithmetical analogy, on this point.

Yet between 1925 and 1929, the total number of million-dollar companies increased by only 236. (Any additional companies that climbed above the million-dollar line were obviously balanced, from the standpoint of totals, by an identical number of companies that fell below it.) Clearly those 236 newcomers, by their very definition, had not made as much as a million dollars apiece—or $236,000,000 as a group—in 1925. If, then, as Mr. Hazlitt contends, the 1925-1929 decline in profits of the less-than-million-dollar group is to be accounted for by the new prosperity of the companies that climbed out of the group, that decline could not possibly have amounted to as much as $236,000,000. It so happens, however, that the decline amounted to more than $900,000,000. And if that is the best that Mr. Kennedy's would-be detractors can do in the way of refuting him, I'll take Kennedy.

FRED RODELL

Rabbi Yeshua ben Joseph

The Nazarene, by Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

THE JEWISH DAILY FORWARD, which usually serializes Sholem Asch as proudly as The Ladies Home Journal serializes Faith Baldwin, did not publish "The Nazarene." The Jewish masses simply will not read novels about Jesus, and even the East Broadway intelligentsia have a profound distrust of novels that attempt to dispel some of the more obvious fears and to break up the catchwords (and they are not their catchwords) that keep the Jewish mind from the Christian experience.

Nothing, as it happens, could be more characteristically Yiddish or more imperative in its way, than this Gospel according to *Chaver* Sholem. Artificially constructed, typically bombastic, it is a very warm and often moving portrait of Yeshua ben Joseph, the forlorn and strangely gifted Rabbi of Nazareth, who has obsessed Jews for two thousand years, the Rabbi of the fishers and mechanics of proletarian Galilee. It is a Yeshua whom many Rabbis passionately supported, who read his Torah by the exegesis of the Venerable Hillel, who improvised his sermons in phylacteries and prayer-shawl, and whose greatest moment came not on The Mount, but in the little synagogue at Nazareth where Miriam, the carpenter Joseph's widow, sat with the women in the balcony and beamed on her son.

Asch's novel is not a Jewish interpretation of Jesus: it is the biography of a Rabbi whose fervor, like his education, was drawn from the profound intellectual democracy of Jerusalem. Yeshua performed miracles; so did many other Rabbis. He had disciples; so had many of the proudest Pharisee Rabbis. People called him The Messiah; he never called himself such until the end. He was a Jewish teacher more passionate than the others, but not more sensitive; a teacher who was different in degree, and whose life was

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spent in a Jewish theocracy under the eye of Rome. The workers idolized him, the shopkeepers distrusted him, the Priesthood of the Temple was afraid of him, and the keenest students for the Rabbinate followed him. His parables were so Hebraic that his greatest successes were won on the basis of his agility at Talmud.

It is this sense of rediscovery, of an emotion frankly and almost exaltedly patriotic, that gives the novel its intensity. But it is an intensity without gush; if Asch claims Yeshua for the Jews, it is in a spirit totally without recrimination or frenzied affection. Something of the domestic sadness of the Christ epic is in it, the sense of the immemorial Jewish loneliness throughout history. Yeshua here takes his place in the Hebraic martyrology, a Jew betrayed by Judah Ish-Koriot, and not the first Jew to perish on the cross.

ALFRED KAZIN

Critique of Critics

Forces in American Criticism, by Bernard Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 411 pages. $3.

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS readers of various magazines—and The New Republic in particular—have been conscious of Bernard Smith's growing importance as a left-wing critic. Now that his book, on which he has been working all these years, has been published, the literary world as a whole will be obliged to take account of him. Though there may be much quibbling and some legitimate quarreling with "Forces in American Criticism," the book will strengthen not only Mr. Smith's prestige but also that of Marxist criticism.

The book is broader and deeper and a good deal better proportioned than G. E. De Mille's "Literary Criticism in America." It is not only more inclusive than Norman Foerster's "American Criticism," which, despite its title, was little more than a collection of studies of a few major figures; it is also superior in both scholarship and acumen. Furthermore—and this, in view of Humanist pretensions, is ironic—Mr. Smith is much less dogmatic and much more generous than Professor Foerster.

Most readers will feel that Mr. Smith is uneven in his treatment of individual critics, but there will be little agreement as to where the unevennesses lie. To me he is particularly good on such neglected critics as Margaret Fuller and Floyd Dell, and he makes an intelligent contribution to the current process of revaluing Howells. He is less than just, I think, to Longfellow, Ticknor and some of their contemporaries, perhaps because of some prejudice carried over from pre-Marxist days, but he is impressively fair to most of the later genteel critics. The militant Jacobites will deplore his treatment of Henry James, but in my opinion unjustly. I agree with the conclusions about Babbitt and More, but I think they had virtues he does not recognize. On the other hand, his treatment of Spingarn, Huneker, Lewisohn and Mencken is both judicious and generous, and by and large he plots a shrewd course through the controversies of the past three decades.

In any case it is not by its parts, good as most of them are, but as a whole that the book is to be judged. In his preface Mr. Smith says that he became interested in the history of literary criticism because of the belief that it might help to reveal the relationship between American literature and American life. The book is clear enough proof that the suspicion was correct. The pattern that he finds in our literature has been described before, chiefly by Parrington and some of his successors, but Mr. Smith has clarified much that Parrington left obscure and confirmed much that Parrington only surmised. The romantic revolt, he points out, was coincident with and not unrelated to the rise of industrialism. With later industrial developments, realism emerged, to be strengthened by the many-sided struggle against gentility. The emancipation of American literature came with the emergence of finance capitalism, which produced two kinds of revolt against bourgeois standards, a revolt within the middle class and a revolt against the middle class. Thus it was inevitable, once emancipation had been achieved, that there should be a new clarification and a new struggle. In that struggle we are still engaged.

It is impossible to list the various points at which Mr. Smith offers fresh support for this interpretation, using his knowledge of American life to interpret critical principles and at the same time employing his study of literary criticism to increase our understanding of American life. It may, however, be useful to consider a point at which further strengthening is necessary. Mr. Smith says, "The coming of the machine was the material spark that ignited the spiritual flame we call romanticism." This is almost certainly true, and yet every student of either American or European literature wants to have the actual process explained. Mr. Smith makes many sound observations, but it is significant that he falls back on Parrington for support, though it is precisely in the handling of this problem that Parrington is weak. Like Parrington, Smith lacks the detailed information to show how the early romantics were at the same time stimulated and frightened by the social changes that were taking place, though he does see, as Parrington did, that the process was two-sided. Perhaps only one critic has anywhere near the requisite knowledge, and that is Van Wyck Brooks, but a soft Emersonian idealism prevented him from grappling with what should have been the central problem of "The Flowering of New England." Some critic—some Marxist—will have to devote himself to the study of romanticism, finding clearer evidence than anyone has yet done of what was actually happening in the minds of men. He will have to look at reformers, Hegelians, sentimental poets, labor leaders, speculators, manufacturers, sea captains, theologians, importers of culture, Utopians, scientists, pioneers, perfectionists and politicians, and see what each added to romanticism.

Certainly Mr. Smith is not to be blamed for not having performed that task; he had his hands full. Nor is his general thesis invalidated because, in this respect, he had to rely on a shrewd guess instead of producing conclusive evidence. His book stands up as the first systematic study of American literary criticism and as a contribution to the systematic study of American literature. It gives further evidence of the validity of the Marxist method, and at the same time broadens the practice of that method. Judicious and flexible without being indecisive, practical without being unimaginative, clear without being naïve, Mr. Smith makes a place for himself in the next history of his subject that may be written.

GRANVILLE HICKS

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A Reader's List

History

CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS: 1849-1874, by Lester Burrell Shippee (Yale, $3). A factual and documented history of the crucial period that ended with the Treaty of Washington. It is the first volume of a series designed to remind us that the evolution of democracy in America has been on a continental scale, involving the histories of both the United States and Canada.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY, by Bernard Pares (Knopf, $5). A study of the evidence, scientifically using all the vast source materials made available since the Revolution, supplemented by personal observation and contact with most of the leading characters. Extremely good reading and as nearly objective as possible, considering that Sir Bernard sets out to find the causes of what seems to him a catastrophe.

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins (Little, Brown, $4). Two hundred and fifty-two well chosen readings in American history from Leif Ericson to the New Deal. Brief introductions give the setting, and for the most part the actors speak for themselves. Vivid, comprehensive and generously illustrated.

THE NORTH BRITON: A Study in Political Propaganda, by George Nobbe (Columbia, $3). The story of a famous eighteenth-century political weekly and of John Wilke's arrest and trial for daring to publish it. A doctoral dissertation and [but?] a good one.

THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL, by Stanley Vestal (Houghton Mifflin, $3). By stage-coach over the Santa Fé Trail, with Mr. Vestal in the driver's seat. He knows the old Southwest and tells good stories about it, placing his main emphasis on the Indian tribes and the buffalo herds that roamed there yesterday.

THE SOUTHERN POOR-WHITE: From Lubberland to Tobacco Road, by Shields McIlwaine (Oklahoma, $2.50). A study of the literature dealing with the Southern poor whites, from William Byrd's amusing description of the Lubbers through subsequent humorous, romantic, sentimental, realistic and naturalistic writers, culminating in William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell. Scholarly, illuminating and at the same time easy to read.

Verse

THE RED KITE, by Lloyd Frankenberg (Farrar and Rinehart, $1.75). Poems that show an encouraging range of subject and technique, with a gift for sustained inspiration. In addition, they show a strong feeling for nature, particularly the sea, but this does not keep them from being genuinely concerned with timely questions and basic philosophical problems.

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Letters to THE NEW REPUBLIC about its 25th ANNIVERSARY

SIR: The twenty-fifth anniversary of The New Republic awakens many memories for me. I was with Francis Hackett in London when he received a long letter from Herbert Croly outlining the scheme for The New Republic and inviting Hackett to be literary editor. I wrote the first book advertisement for the first issue, devoting the space to the American edition of the English translation of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" (I was then on the staff of Henry Holt and Company). I interested Hackett and Philip Littell in some advance proofs of Robert Frost's "North of Boston", which led to the publication of Frost's "Death of the Hired Man" in your first issue, and this was followed by Amy Lowell's influential review of "North of Boston" when it appeared a week or two later. I have read the magazine regularly for most of the twenty-five years since the first issue appeared. I remember that after the serial rights of Strachey's "Queen Victoria" had been turned down by American magazines ranging from Harper's Bazaar to The Atlantic Monthly, The New Republic serialized all that time permitted before American book publication; I remember that the early chapters of Keynes' "Economic Consequences of the Peace" were eagerly serialized by The New Republic. Naturally, the formula of the editors has shifted during the twenty-five years, but I think there has been no compromise as to the quality of contributions.

New York City ALFRED HARCOURT

SIR: Congratulations with all my heart to The New Republic which, through a quarter of a century, has been faithful to its own appointed destiny as "a journal of opinion."

I can survey the record of The New Republic complete from Croly and Lippmann to Bliven and Cowley. I see this record set against the most terrific quarter of a century of history since the break-up of the Middle Ages, perhaps since the fall of Rome. In this tremendous period, your paper with whatever aberrations, has yielded neither to passion nor fear, has practised freedom, tolerance and goodwill, been faithful to the spirit of progress and enlightenment, guarded culture as a sacred treasure, insisted on reason as the guide to truth, seen with single eye the needs of the poor, the underprivileged, the exploited and oppressed, and served with unfaltering fidelity that cause of democracy which was never so sacred as at this hour.

May your second quarter-century be as high-minded and brave-hearted as your first, and lived, God grant, in happier and nobler times!

New York City JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

SIR: The publishers and staff of The New Republic can certainly observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of their magazine with justifiable pride. I have always welcomed the liberal views taken in the columns of The New Republic. Such an editorial outlook is vital in these days of change and controversy, for it presents a point of view essential to the preservation of our democratic institutions in the progress of our country. You have my every good wish for continued success.

Washington, D. C. HARRY HOPKINS

SIR: The New Republic, to my mind, discharges an important function in forming and nourishing public opinion.

New York City ARTHUR KROCK

(Other letters we have received will be published in coming issues.)

BREATH OF ALL LIVING, by David Méofor (Imagery Press, $2). Poems by a Jewish postman that reveal a simple yet profound sense of man's inhumanity to man combined with a passionate faith in the Absolute abiding in the human spirit. Although their technique is uneven and sometimes awkward, they rise at times by sheer strength of feeling to authentic poetry.

FICTION

RESTLESS IS THE RIVER, by August Derleth (Scribner's, $2.50). The characters here move from the aristocracy of Hungary to the Wisconsin of 1840. In setting them up in the new land, Mr. Derleth creates a beautiful, tragic and moving situation which thereupon remains almost unchanged for some four hundred pages—too many for even the most effective still life.

THE DELECTABLE COUNTRY, by Leland D. Baldwin (Lee Furman, $2.75). A long novel of Pennsylvania in the 1790's. The hero is generally preoccupied with losing and finding his soul, but that doesn't keep him from excise-tax rebellions, Mississippi River brawls, beautiful dangerous ladies and similar excitement. American history isn't often dug up with so much warmth and spirit.

SAM, by John Selby (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Not Sam's first entrance into fiction and hardly his last, but still one to command attention. He's the newspaper owner with tiny legs, five trumpets in his throat, and a mortgage on everybody's soul except his wife's. A forceful, faithful portrait, and American winner of this year's All-Nations Prize Novel Competition.

SEVEN AGAINST THE YEARS, by Sterling North (Macmillan, $2.50). A sound novel about the post-graduate course in Life that seven members of the class of '29, Chicago, find they can't take cuts in. Turns out that a B.A. pays even fewer premiums than you expected. Mr. North writes as if he means it, and the result is very nearly first-rate.

Contributors

LINDSAY ROGERS, professor of Public Law at Columbia University, has published several volumes on public law and administration.

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DAVID DAICHES is a young English critic now teaching at the University of Chicago. His most recent book is "The Novel and the Modern World," to be published this fall by the University of Chicago Press.

W. H. AUDEN is the author of three plays written in collaboration with Christopher Isherwood. He has also written "Poems," "On This Island" and, with Isherwood, "Journey to a War."

FRED RODELL, an ex-editor of Fortune magazine, is a professor at Yale Law School. His new book is "Woe Unto You, Lawyers!" to be published next month.

ALFRED KAZIN is a member of the Department of English of the College of the City of New York. He is at work on a critical history of American prose since 1900.

GRANVILLE HICKS is the author of "The Great Tradition," "John Reed" and "I Like America." "Figures of Transition," a study of British literature at the end of the nineteenth century, is to be published in November.

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